

# The Sketch

No. 806.—Vol. LXII.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1908.

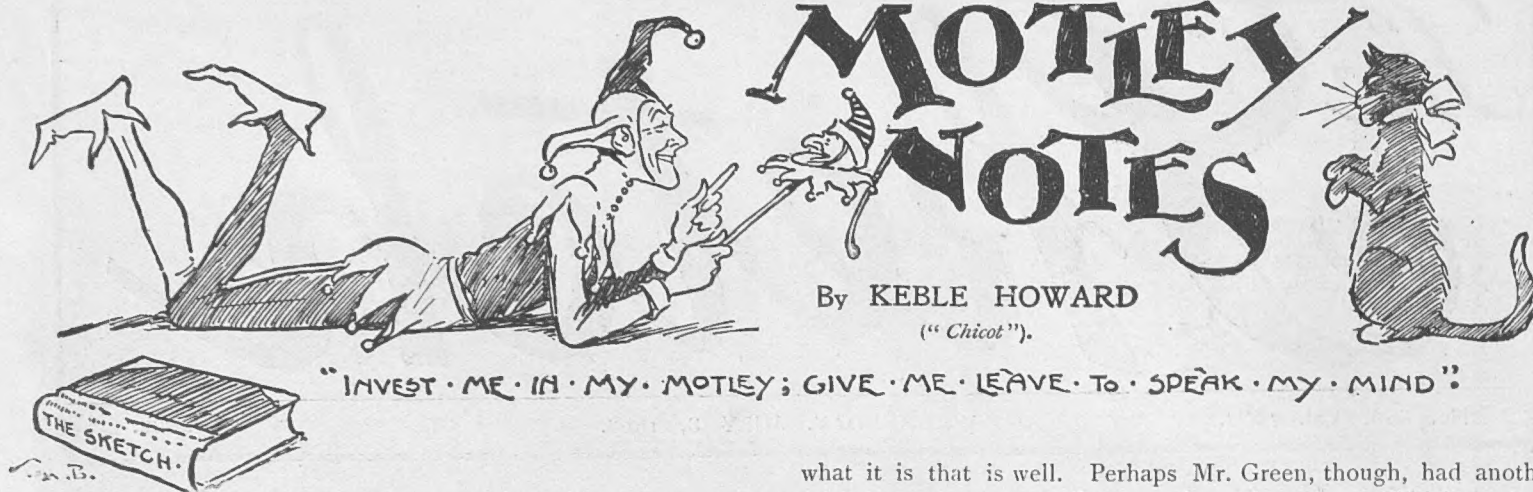
SIXPENCE.



ABOVE THE HEADS OF THE PUBLIC: "MAIDENHOOD," ONE OF THE STRAND STATUES THAT CAUSED SO MUCH CONTROVERSY, AND THE SCULPTOR, MR. JACOB EPSTEIN.

*Photograph by Stuart.*





### The Best Berth of All.

One of the luckiest men on earth, I suppose, is Mr. H. M. Green, of the *Sydney Bulletin*. He is lucky, to begin with, because he is "of the *Sydney Bulletin*." Mr. Green is luckier still because he is the official poet to the *Sydney Bulletin*. If you have never been on the pay-sheet of a newspaper, friend the reader, you can have no idea of the respect shown by the entire staff, editorial, reportorial, artistic, and commercial, to the official poet. The editor may be a "swine," the chief cashier a "hog," the proprietor a "pig," the news-editor a "worm," the sporting-editor a "crock," the society-editor a "toad," the dramatic critic a "blighter," but the poet is invariably waited upon cap in hand, and you mention his name in a whisper, rounding your eyes as you do so. He is the only man whose stuff is never cut; he is the only man whom no sub-editor dares to edit; he is the only man who receives adequate payment per word; he is the only man who lies on a sofa to write; he is the only man who can be sure of seeing his copy in the most advantageous position. Here, then, are two reasons why Mr. H. M. Green is one of the luckiest men on earth. On the staff of the journal that fostered Phil May, he is the one man to enjoy all the privileges set out by me (with unnecessary detail) in this paragraph.

### Inside o' Green.

"But," you cry, "there are thousands of newspapers, and they all keep pet poets in the office! Why—unless, to be sure, he is a friend of yours—single out this Green fellow and make him a target of envy?" Be patient with me this warm weather. I do not know Mr. Green, and I never heard of him until two days ago, when I happened across one of his poems quoted in a London paper. Having read the poem, I knew at once that Mr. Green was thrice-blessed even among newspaper-poets, for he has made a discovery. Here it is—

And now I know what I long forgot—  
That there is a mystery  
In the trees, and the breeze, and the tiny birds,  
And the soft blue skies, and me.

You see? Mr. Green knows now that there is a mystery inside him. You and I, friend the reader, go up and down the earth without anything in the shape of a mystery inside of us. Mr. Green, on the other hand, has the immense satisfaction of knowing for certain that the trees, the breeze, the tiny birds, the soft blue skies, and H. M. Green all have mysteries inside them. The feeling may not be comfortable, but there's money in it.

### A Cheerful Bulletin.

In the next stanza, Mr. Green gives us, as is only right and proper, some slight notion of the tumult of his feelings consequent upon his discovery. Thus—

And the voice I hear of the earth and the air,  
As a deaf man hears a bell;  
And I burst into song: "Be merry! Be strong!  
It is well! It is well! It is well!"

The imagery of the first two lines is surely perfect. You can see the blind man. He is crossing the road. Suddenly—the sound of a bell. He jumps, stumbles, perhaps falls. This is precisely the effect upon Mr. Green of the voice of the earth and the air. Small wonder that he bursts into song! Small wonder that he urges us to "Be merry! Be strong!" I can imagine the inspiring effect of that exhortation on the staff of the *Bulletin*. Australia, they tell me, is a thirsty place, and no true knight of the pen would be likely to ignore so recklessly generous an invitation. The final line is fine, too, in its way, but a little vague. We are not told precisely

what it is that is well. Perhaps Mr. Green, though, had another mystery inside him, and the second cured the first. Which confirms my original statement regarding him.

### Regatta Fiction.

Apropos of the Henley Regatta, it was quite obvious that there must be a rowing story on the "Fourth Page" of the *Daily Mail* last Wednesday, and Mr. Archibald Marshall responded to the call of his editor with a praiseworthy, spirited effort, entitled "A Leander Scarf." It was equally inevitable that the story should be a love-story, and we find, therefore, that Mr. Marshall's hero is in love with the sister of one of the rival crew. Mr. Marshall knows, as we all know, that there are only two possible stories if you want to combine love and sport; in the first, the heroine is going to marry the hero if he wins, and, in the second, the hero has to decide whether he will be true to his crew or his team at the risk of offending the lady. He invariably takes the risk, invariably wins, and is invariably forgiven. Mr. Marshall's story comes under Class II. It is curious, though, how difficult it is to write a rowing story, even on a well-known model, without falling into technical errors. Even Mr. Marshall has stumbled once or twice. I read—"There was nothing in the world but his oar and the back of No. 2. And so they rowed on, stroke after stroke." I wish Mr. Marshall would ask any Leander man what he thinks of a bow for whom there is nothing in the world but his oar and the back of No. 2.

### Shades of Ouida.

Another temptation in this kind of story is to let your hero have a look at the girl as his boat "shoots past." I thought Mr. Marshall would resist this, but he fell. "The shouts were deafening, and seemed made up entirely of that grotesque college yell. But there was only one American house-boat just here—the Van Troops'. He could not have denied himself that one glance if the race had depended on it. The American flags with which the house-boat was draped seemed to hit him in the face." Now hold tight. "But there was one little glimpse of cerise and one voice was calling 'Leander!'" How the little darling must have screamed! And then, if you please, having noticed that Geoffrey was pulling the Leander boat to victory by his own splendid efforts, she rounded on him in this way: "Well, I guess you made a mistake, Mr. Linden. Of course, I wanted the boys to win, not you. Why, I should be ashamed to do such a thing!" All of which is reminiscent of Ouida's splendid effort: "He walked down to the starting-post, followed by an admiring crowd. Idly throwing away the stump of his cigar (for he refused, fine fellow that he was, to go into training), he leapt lightly into the boat, and, alone and unaided, pulled it to victory!"

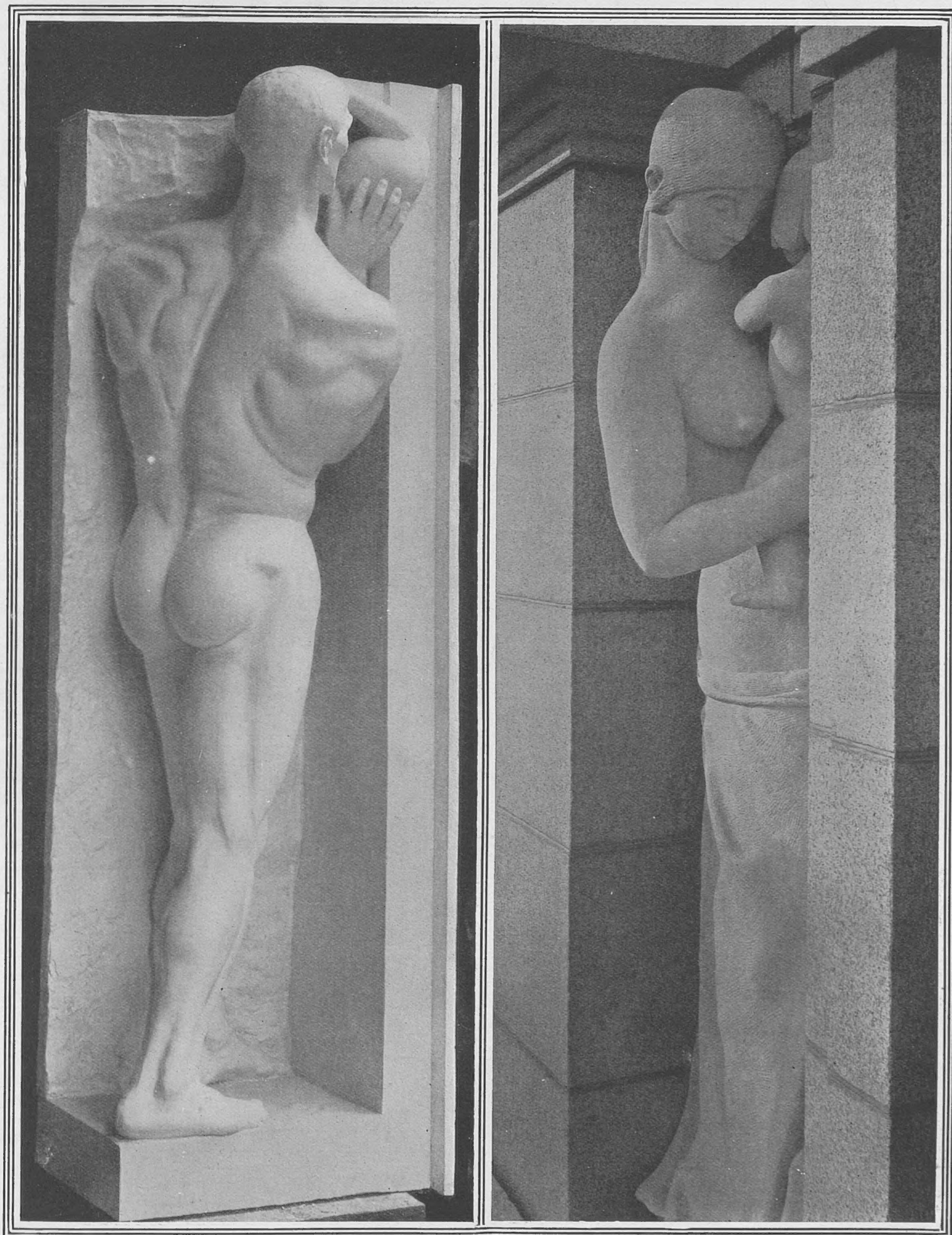
### The Girl with the Paper Back.

The meaning doesn't matter  
If it's only idle chatter  
Of the transcendental kind.

"Whatever be the faults of the drivers of fast traffic," writes "Indignant One," in the *Car*, "nine times out of ten the pedestrian meeting with a street accident is himself in fault. Only last week a hansom cab in which I was sitting nearly ran over a young woman who was actually reading a paper-backed novel while crossing Piccadilly at 1-30 in the day! Can folly go further?" No, a thousands times! The young woman should certainly have realised that a paper-backed novel to a hansom cabby is far more infuriating than a red rag to a bull. They simply can't resist 'em. Moral: whilst crossing Piccadilly, read the *Car*. It ensures you against accident by hansom, and gives you tone—even though you are merely a 'young woman.'



STRAND STATUES THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN STRANDED.



"CHEMICAL RESEARCH."

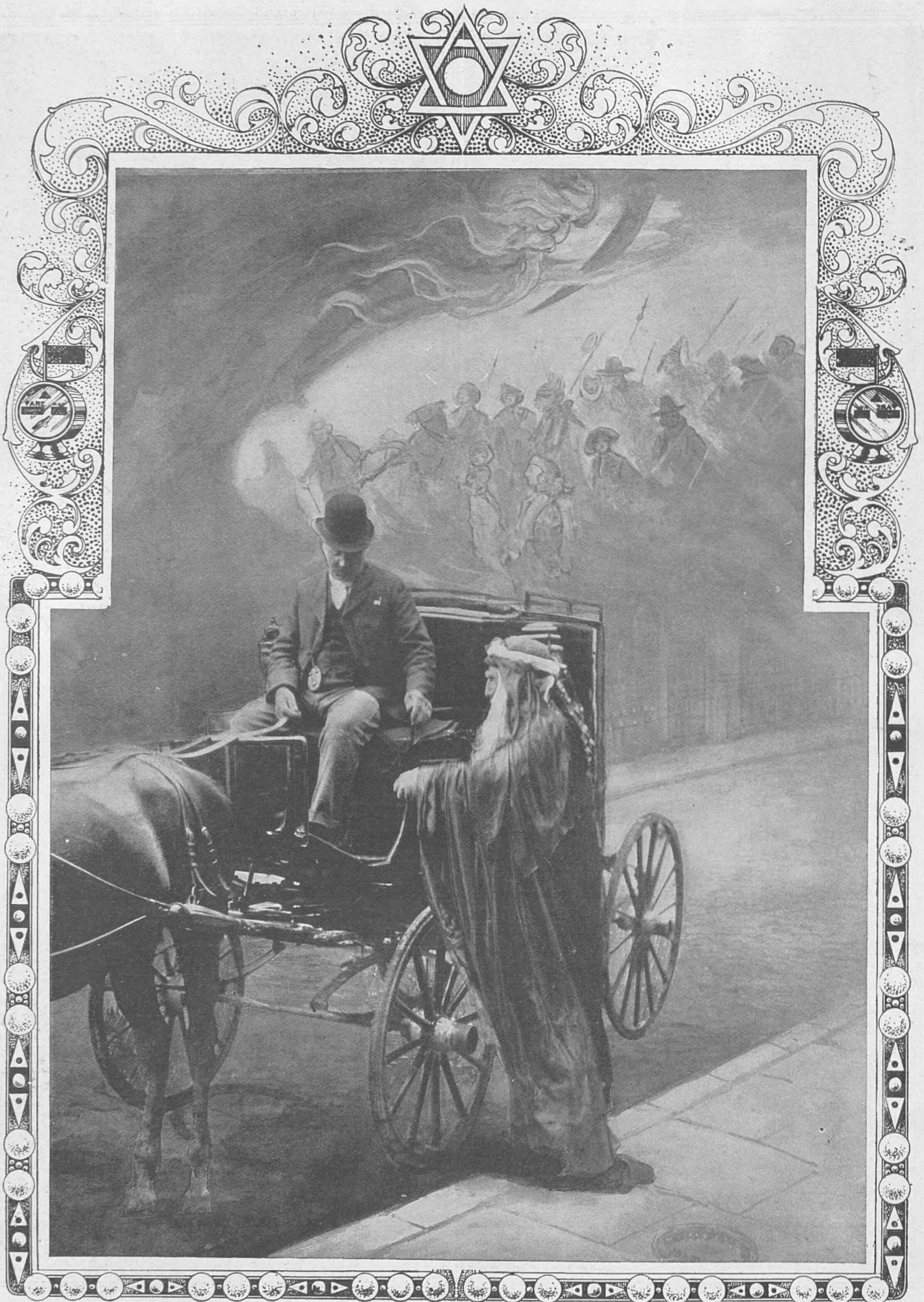
"MATERNITY."

"Maternity" and "Chemical Research" are two of the statues which have been made by Mr. Jacob Epstein for the new building of the Medical Association. The statues were attacked by the "Evening Standard," and were defended by the "Times," Sir Charles Holroyd (Curator of the National Gallery), the Slade Professor of Art at Oxford, and the "Saturday Review." Fortunately, the outcry has not moved the Council of the Association to alter Mr. Epstein's work.

*Photographs by Stuart.*



## A RIVER GOD ON WHEELS: FATHER THAMES TAKES A CAB.

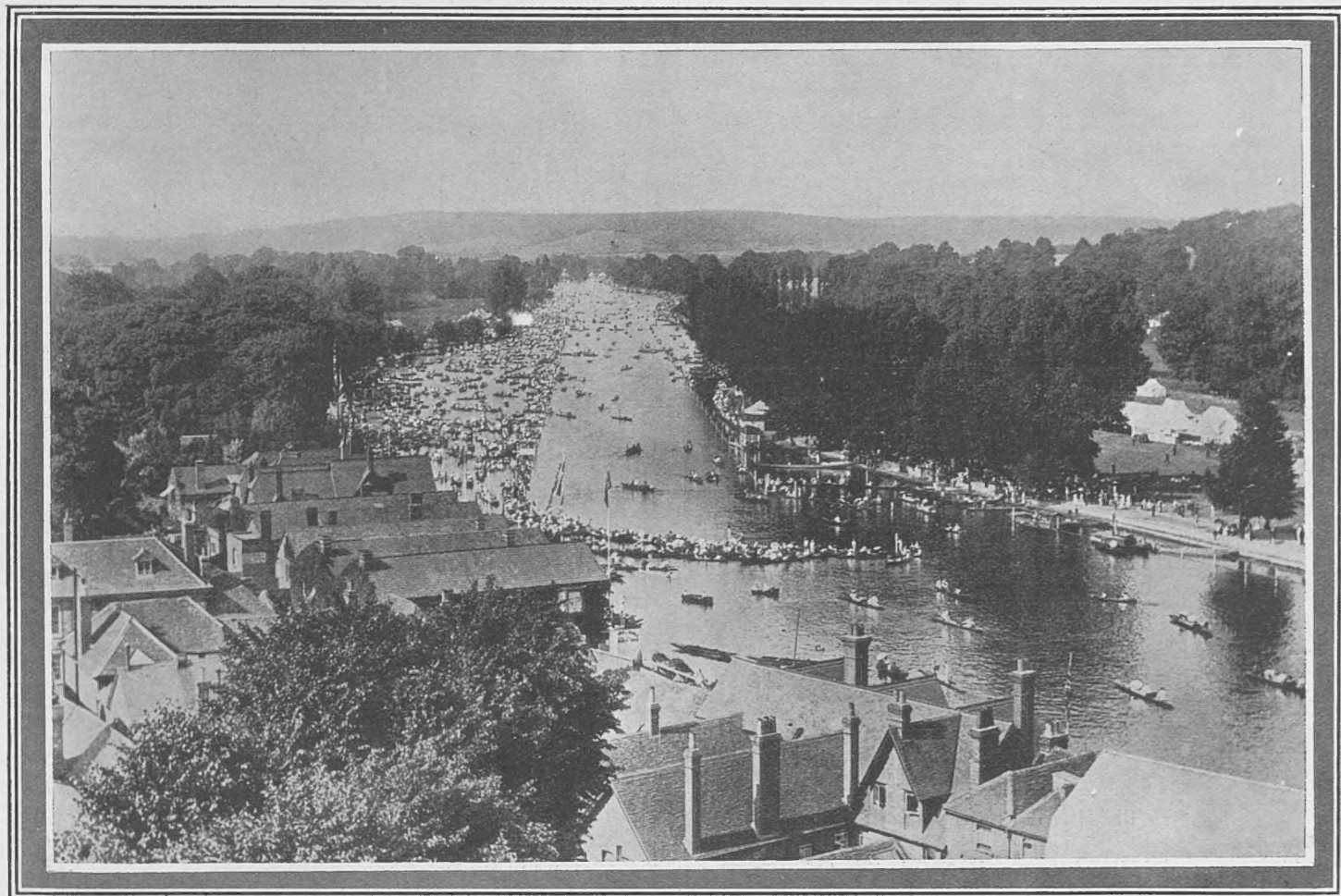


AN INCIDENT OF THE CHELSEA PAGEANT.

*Photograph by Park.*



A DWINDLING HENLEY, AND "DURING HER MAJESTY'S PLEASURE."



DWINDLING HENLEY: THE SMALL CROWD ON THE GREAT DAY.

Henley was poorly attended this year, and on the great day the crowd of boats was quite meagre. The contrast with other years is remarkable.



THE QUEEN PAYS HER 6D. WITH THE PUBLIC ON THE SCENIC RAILWAY AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH.

On July 3 the Queen paid another visit to the Franco-British Exhibition and enjoyed the exciting run on the Scenic Railway.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



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Signature.....



SMALL  
TALK

A BRIDE OF TO-MORROW: MISS OLIVE FORDINE TUFNELL, TO BE MARRIED ON JULY 9 TO THE REV. ARTHUR CECIL NANSON.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

before opening their chocolate-boxes, will raise their voices in tuneful unison in honour of their Sovereign and his beautiful Consort.

*A Pretty Clerical Wedding.* It does not often happen that a clergyman is married in his own church, but this pleasant fate will befall the Rev. Arthur Cecil Nanson to-morrow (July 9), who, being Vicar of Great Waltham, will lead to the altar in the parish church there

Miss Olive Fordine Tufnell, the only daughter of Colonel Tufnell, of Langleys, Chelmsford. Colonel Tufnell was not so long ago one of the most distinguished of Service members, and he has left very pleasant memories at St. Stephen's.

*A Swimming Mayoress.* Miss Ruby Markillie, daughter of the Mayor of Camberwell, and Mayoress of the borough, has just won a swimming handicap at the



CAMBERWELL'S SWIMMING MAYORESS: MISS RUBY MARKILLIE.

At the Stadium last Saturday, Miss Ruby Markillie, Mayoress of Camberwell, champion lady diver of Dulwich, and captain of the Barry Swimming Club, beat thirty other women competitors in an open swimming handicap.

Photograph by Davies and Thornton.

Stadium. Miss Markillie began to swim when she was nine years old, and she is now captain of the Barry Ladies' Swimming Club. As a rule she wins the club diving championship. The club, which contains seventy members, is the largest and best in Dulwich. Miss Markillie always swims on the over-arm, and she uses the northern kick.

*A Coming D butante.* Lady Diana Manners, who will probably be the most lovely d butante of 1910, is the youngest of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland's three daughters, and she is said to have been named after Mr. George Meredith's famous heroine, Diana of the Crossways. Lady Diana, who has had her portrait painted more often than generally falls to the lot of a very young girl—for from infancy upwards she has often sat to her own clever mother, and several well-known artists have also immortalised her—is often seen at those functions where the presence of quite young girls is permissible. Thus, she was with her sister,

Lady Letty Manners, at the great Melba matin e.

*A New Peer.* One does not quite see why Mr. John Wynford Philipps, who is one of the new peers, should object to the statement that he will probably revive the title of Lord Milford. The new peer is the eldest son of the venerable Prebendary of Salisbury, Sir James Erasmus Philipps, who is the twelfth baronet; and it was the seventh baronet who was created Baron Milford, in the Peerage of Ireland, in 1766. Mr. Wynford Philipps, like his brothers, Mr. Ivor and Mr. Owen Philipps, who all got in at the last General Election, is noted for his great height, so much so that *Punch* facetiously published their portraits in sections, beginning with their feet. His wife was an heiress, the younger daughter of the late Mr. Gerstenberg, and is a very clever and charming hostess.



MARRIED IN HIS OWN CHURCH: THE REV. ARTHUR CECIL NANSON, TO BE MARRIED ON JULY 9 TO MISS OLIVE TUFNELL.

Photograph by Annie Bell.

*The Humouristic "G.O.M."*

Sir John Tenniel, who will enter his ninetieth year next February, may truly be styled the Grand Old Man of caricature, and he only retired from the famous Round Table of *Punch* after celebrating the golden jubilee of his connection with that paper seven years ago. Sir John has a unique series of memories to look back to, for he knew all the most famous men and women of the day, and he can claim also to be the nursery humourist *par excellence*, owing to his wonderful illustrations of "Alice in Wonderland." As for his unrivalled series of *Punch* cartoons, perhaps the most famous was that done by the veteran cartoonist when he was already quite an old



ALICE IN WONDERLAND'S ARTIST STILL VIGOROUS AT EIGHTY-EIGHT: SIR JOHN TENNIEL.

The great cartoonist, although in his eighty-ninth year, is still vigorous.

Photograph by L.N.A.

man. It was published in 1889, the week after the German Emperor dismissed the Iron Chancellor, and it bore the significant cut-line, "Dropping the Pilot." The picture made a great impression abroad as well as at home, and the original drawing was purchased by Lord Rosebery, who presented it to Bismarck.

*A Modest Statesman.*

It has become known that Mr. Arthur Acland declined the honour of a peerage, which Mr. Asquith wished him to accept. He is already the heir-presumptive to his brother's baronetcy, and is the father of one of the most promising of the younger Liberal M.P.s—Mr. Francis Acland, who has quite lately become Financial Secretary at the War Office. Like Mr. Asquith, Mr. Arthur Acland leapt into the Cabinet without any intermediate office, and made a great reputation as Minister for Education. Unfortunately, he has had very poor health, which has sadly interrupted his career. Mrs. Acland is the daughter of a country clergyman, and calls cousin with the Duchess of Hamilton.



DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS' GOD-DAUGHTER: LADY DIANA MANNERS.

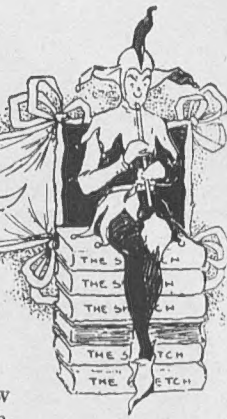
Photograph by Thomson.





# THE CLUBMAN

A BOOK ON COURT DRESS—MISTAKES IN DRESS AND UNIFORM—THE YOUNGEST SOLDIER IN EUROPE—  
KING ALFONSO AND POLO.



I READ with satisfaction that the Lord Chamberlain's department is going to publish a book giving the correct dress to be worn at Court functions of every character by all sorts and conditions of men. Unless a man going to some Court ceremony goes to the Lord Chamberlain's office to ask questions, and thereby betrays the fact that he is not accustomed to move in Court circles, the only authority to whom he can turn is his tailor, and his tailor is not always very well informed. I remember on one occasion, when ascending the staircase of St. James's Palace to make my bow at a Levée, seeing on the landing above a distinguished dramatic author, standing a little removed from the stream of uniformed humanity which was slowly pouring into the first of the rooms. His face wore a look of puzzled annoyance. I asked him what was the matter. "One of the Lord Chamberlain's people says that I am not properly dressed," he said. "I have told him that X [a well-known theatrical costumier] has guaranteed it to be correct; but that does not satisfy him at all."

The author eventually had some superfluous lace cut off with a penknife, and was then allowed to make his bow to royalty. On another occasion at a Levée a very young diplomatist going upstairs was wearing accoutrements the like of which I had never seen before. His sword depended from a white belt, which hung over one shoulder, like the belt of a French forest-guard, or that of the Sam Browne equipment. He was extracted from the crowd by a Gentleman Usher, or one of the other Palace officials. I saw him again after he had passed through the Throne Room, and his appearance was quite changed. The white belt, which was of webbing, was intended to be worn under and not over his coat.

My sympathies were entirely with this budding diplomatist, for if I had attended a Levée before I joined my regiment I should certainly have tried to make my bow wearing my sash over the wrong shoulder, and I should inevitably have been marched away by an official to the dressing-room where such matters are put right. I think that all the incriminating photographs have vanished long ago, but for years in the 'seventies I used to see in the photograph-albums of my friends of the fair sex a portrait of myself which made me feel hot and cold by turns. I was painfully young, showing no signs of a moustache, but with an abundance of other hair, which curled gracefully down over my ears. My sword-knot hung from the handle-guard like a rope, I clasped my shako to my breast as if afraid to lose it, and my crimson-and-gold sash hung from the wrong shoulder. I used

to exchange that photograph whenever I saw it for one with very short hair and the sash hanging in the right position, and tear the offending portrait into very small pieces.

It was to a great extent the fault of the photographer that it ever came into existence. My uniform had just come home from the tailor's, and I was sent off at once by the ladies of the family to be photographed. I imagined that a man who had taken the portraits of thousands of Generals and warriors of lower ranks would be able to tell me on which side I ought to wear my sash. He could not, however. It never occurred to either of us to hunt up some proofs of soldiers' photographs, and the assistant called into council having expressed an opinion that the fringe of the sash would look very well falling over the sword-handle (where, of course, it ought not to have been), I was photographed in what was, no doubt, an excellent fancy-dress, but not her late Majesty's uniform according to regulations.

The youngest soldier in Europe is the Infantito Don Jaime of Spain. He is a full private in the 1st Regiment of Infantry, "The King's Own," and all his long-clothes have a big "I" worked on them in red silk, in order that he may be identified if he attempts to desert. His elder brother, the Prince of Asturias, has so far advanced in his military career as to be able to wear the uniform of the regiment and to salute the Spanish flag when guard is mounted at La Granja. The sons of the King of Prussia all become privates in one of the Guard regiments of the kingdom as soon as they are old enough to wear a uniform—which is, I fancy, a custom dating from the days of Frederick the Great; and I believe that there is in Austria also a regiment which claims the right to educate the sons of the Emperor. With us, the Grenadier

Guards is the regiment in which the future Sovereign generally learns the art of war, and King Edward, whenever he addresses the Grenadiers, always emphasises the fact that he is a Grenadier by right of service in the corps.

King Alfonso is very busy playing polo after work hours at La Granja. It is one of the ambitions of the young King to make the young noblemen of his Court take an interest in other sports than bull-fighting, and polo is a game which the Spanish gentlemen are taking to very kindly, for they are excellent horsemen.



1. THE HAWKER POURS THE POWDER INTO HIS CRUCIBLE.
2. THE HAWKER WARMS HIS CRUCIBLE WITH A MATCH, AND PRONOUNCES SOME MAGIC WORDS.
3. THE HAWKER COOLS HIS CRUCIBLE, USING HIS CAP AS A FAN.
4. HEY, PRESTO! THE DIAMOND!

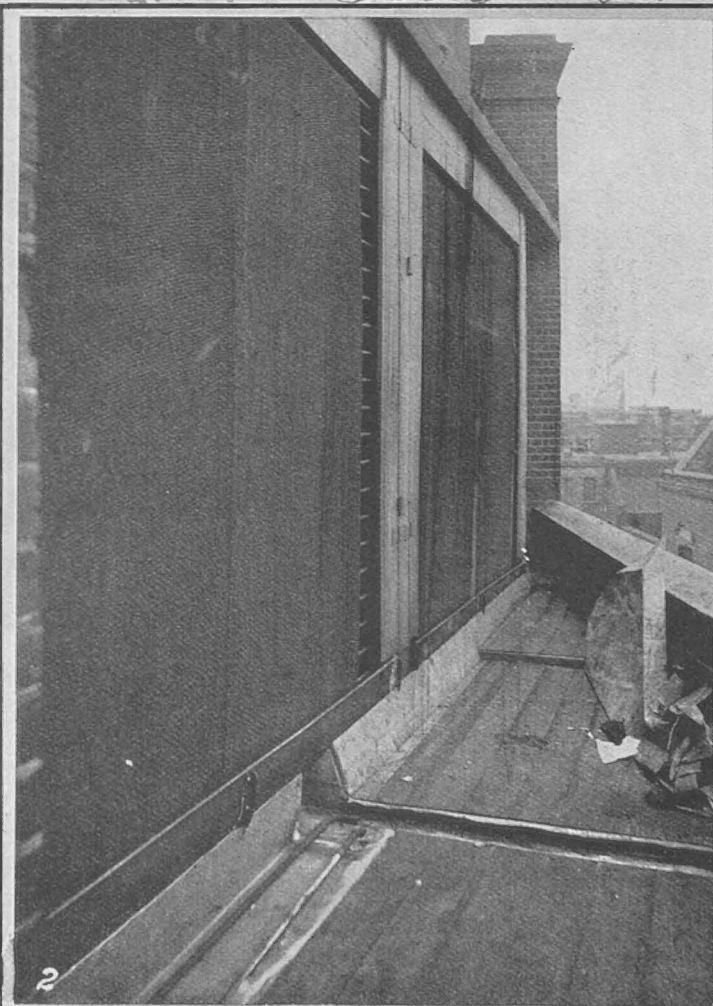
## DOING LEMOINE'S TRICK, BUT SUCCESSFULLY: A PAVEMENT DIAMOND-MAKER.

The Paris camelots, or street hawkers, are selling a toy with which they give an amusing travesty of Lemoine's attempt to make diamonds. The camelot pours some mysterious powder into a crucible, which he closes, and then warms it with a match. Using his cap as a fan, he cools the crucible, and then, having pronounced some magic words, he takes off the lid and produces the diamond. The toy is the invention of Morizot, the King of the Camelots.—[Photographs by the Topical Press.]



## YOUR OWN OFFICE AS A SEASIDE RESORT.

APPARATUS FOR BRINGING SEA-AIR TO YOUR OFFICE AND TO THE HIPPODROME.



1. SEA-AIR FROM THE ELECTRIC SWITCH: HOW TO BREATHE OZONE AT YOUR OFFICE.

2. SEA-AIR FOR THE HIPPODROME: THE AIR FOR THE AUDITORIUM PASSING THROUGH WATER FILTER MATS.

3. THE HIPPODROME OZONE-CYLINDERS AND THE EIGHT-FOOT FAN.

The first photograph shows a machine which makes it possible to breathe sea-air at home. By connecting the instrument with the electric plug it can be made to generate ozone, which is breathed through an inhaler. Sea-air has also been introduced into the Hippodrome by an elaborate installation which purifies all the air for the auditorium and impregnates it with ozone. The air is first filtered through mats over which a purifying stream of water runs, and it is then driven through ozone-cylinders by a huge fan, eight feet in diameter.—[Photographs by the Tropical Press.]



## THE ART OF THE BLOODLESS SURGEON: MR. H. A. BARKER'S METHODS.

BY RAYMOND BLATHWAYT.

THERE is nothing from which even the bravest man shrinks so pitifully as the lancet of the surgeon, even when it is wielded by the most skilful of his craft. And that perhaps accounts, in a measure, for the extraordinary success which has attended the knifeless and bloodless methods of Mr. H. A. Barker, the well-known bone-setter of 12A, Park Lane, who, in succession to Mr. Hutton and his own cousin, Professor Atkinson, has for many years operated upon thousands of sufferers from all kinds of joint irregularities and displacements.

Mr. Barker, who occupies the same position in the estimation of the English public that Professor Lorenz does in Austria, who performed a remarkable operation upon little Miss Armour, the daughter of the American millionaire, is the son of a well-known lawyer, and he was born just under forty years ago, although he looks many years younger. He is a man whose very aspect inspires confidence.

No patient can meet that calm, grave glance, nor experience the touch of the skilled, sure hands, behind which lies the strength that comes of vast experience and the certainty of knowledge and constant accomplishment, without feeling that his fate is in the best possible hands. And, as a matter of fact, he is in the presence of the most accomplished exponent of his craft in the whole world. For a man who has been appointed practitioner, or who occupies the position of practitioner, to the first athletic clubs in England is naturally a man who stands in the very front rank of his profession, whilst the fact that only recently he performed over one hundred operations in two days is ample testimony to his undoubted practical experience. There is scarcely an accident, either in the world of society or in the athletic world, which is not sooner or later placed in the hands of the English specialist, and in his case-books are to be seen the names of some of the most distinguished people of the day.

The late Dr. Barnardo, himself a most able physician, testified in the highest terms to Mr. Barker's remarkable efficiency; whilst only two days ago the Archdeacon of London wrote to me that the cure that Mr. Barker had effected in the case of his own ward was far beyond all expectation.

Like his predecessor Hutton, who will be best remembered for his remarkable cure of Fred Archer, the jockey, Mr. Barker relies entirely upon manipulation for the results he brings about in the remedying of all kinds of joint deformities, dislocations, and hurts. All his work is done by manipulation, and his whole professional life has been one vigorous crusade against the too-frequent use of the knife; whilst the cases in which he has stepped in just in time to save limbs from mutilation by cutting are legion.

One of the most remarkable instances of his method was his cure of a soldier of the Royal Field Artillery, serving under Major the Hon. F. Addington in India, who was thrown

violently from his horse, thereby sustaining a terrible injury to his spine. Two or three vertebral bones were dislocated, and as a consequence paralysis supervened, and Edward Batty was sent home to Netley Hospital, from which place, however, he was discharged as hopelessly incurable by the first Army surgeons of the day. As a last resource, he was carried into Mr. Barker's house, where the eminent bone-setter diagnosed the injury as pressure on the spinal cord. In a few moments the irregularity was adjusted, and the man, who was carried into the house bent double and in an almost dying condition, walked out of the room completely cured. This case ranks as one of the most remarkable operations on record.

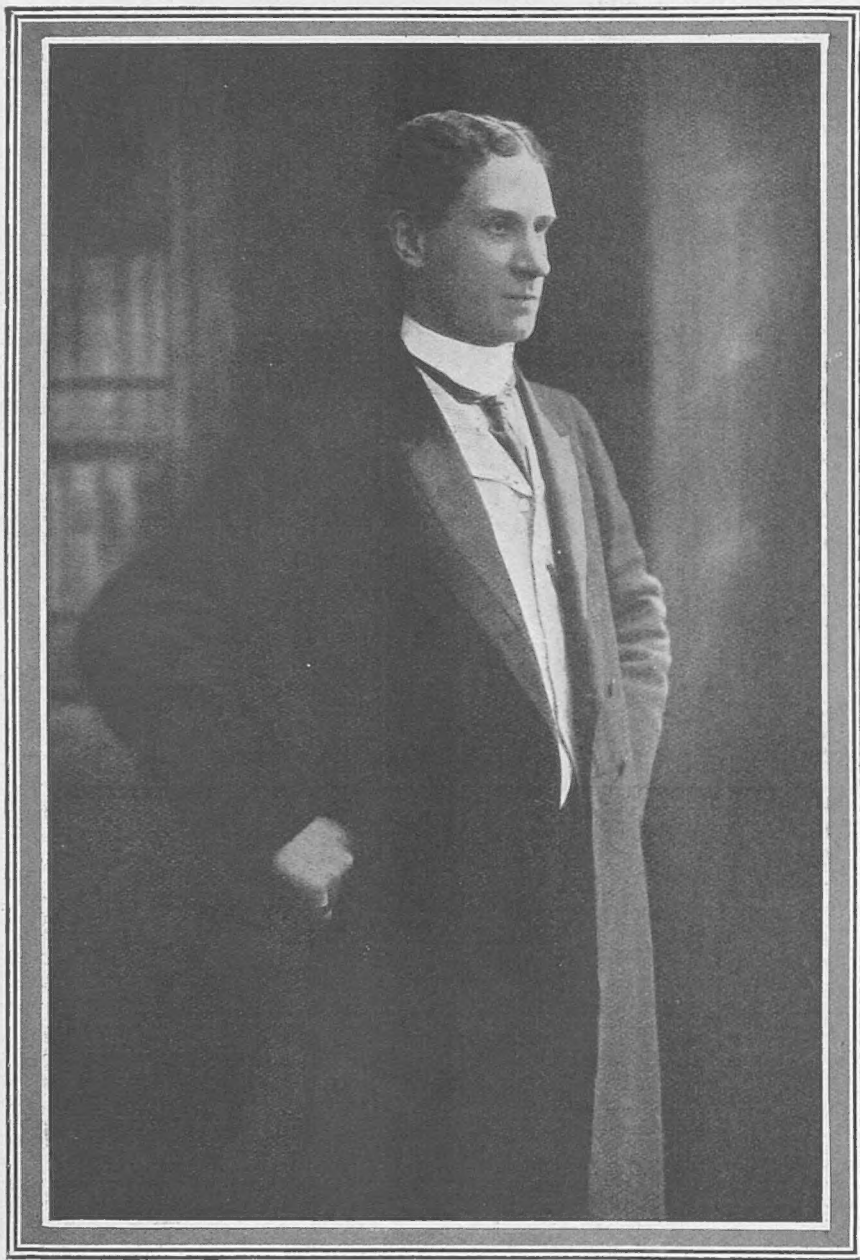
Any person interested in the annals of the football-field will remember how Mr. O. T. Norris, the late captain of Oxford University Football Club, was so severely injured during the course of a match that he could not play for nearly two years. Many surgeons, indeed, had declared that only a cutting operation could relieve the injury to the knee. Mr. Barker, however, on being consulted, operated manipulatively upon the player, with the result that Mr. Norris was permanently cured, and he has played football ever since. And these cases could be multiplied literally by the hundred.

Mr. Barker's most cherished ambition—an ambition for which he has worked for years in the teeth of the fiercest opposition to achieve—is to have every student taught the art of bone-setting. The *Lancet* declared some time ago that it was a "neglected corner of the domain of surgery," and it is apparently just as little understood to-day. This lack of knowledge of so useful an art is a deplorable state of affairs, and the cause of a very great deal of unnecessary suffering.

No man living has performed so successfully upon as many thousands of cases of the kind he undertakes as Mr. Barker, and upon the work of no man can so much outside testimony be

brought to bear. He therefore speaks with an authority backed by an unparalleled practical experience. And though his fight with the exponents of the ordinary surgical methods has been a long and a stern one, the victory has been won, and there is probably not a single surgeon living, who has intelligence enough to understand his methods, who does not in his heart of hearts wholly believe in them. In one of his last published letters, my old friend David Christie Murray, one of the kindest-hearted and hardest-headed men I ever knew, wrote thus of Barker's methods: "I write in the knowledge that this branch of the healing art has been neglected by the medical profession, and in the hope that this letter may in some degree advance the cause of bloodless surgery."

Despite all professional jealousy or organised opposition, Mr. Barker, mainly by virtue of the success of his methods, reigns supreme in the special field he has chosen for himself, for never was the truth of the old proverb more triumphantly vindicated than in his case—"Nothing is so successful as success."



MR. H. A. BARKER, THE BONE-SETTER.

Photograph by C. Vandyk.





# OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



**PUZZLE—FIND JOE! MR. CHAMBERLAIN  
AT AIX-LES-BAINS.**

Behind the screen of the chair is the former Colonial Secretary, who is returning from the bath to his hotel. Mr. Chamberlain has been following a very severe course of treatment, and his health is greatly improved.



**CHIRGWIN AS OLD AS THE HILLS.**

The drawing is one of the bushman paintings copied by Miss Helen Tongue from the rock-paintings in Africa. The picture is intended to represent a ghost, but it has the most extraordinary resemblance to Chirgwin, the White-Eyed Kaffir. The drawings were exhibited at the Anthropological Society.



**A POST-MORTEM HONOUR FOR THE G.O.M.**

The people of Cyprus will erect a replica of the statue shown in the photograph in remembrance of Mr. Gladstone's sympathy with their demand for union with Greece. The statue stands in the principal square of Athens.



**AN UNUSUAL HONOUR FOR AN ART-CRITIC.**

The statue is to be erected in St. Petersburg in memory of M. V. V. Stasoff, the art-critic. It is the work of Mr. I. J. Ginsberg, a Russo-Jewish sculptor.

*Photograph by L.N.A.*





LADY HADFIELD, WIFE OF SIR R. A. HADFIELD, NEW KNIGHT.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.

up one of the greatest firms in the North Country, he had already won a considerable place in local politics. Mrs. Emmott takes an enthusiastic interest in her husband's public career, and is a frequent visitor to the House of Commons.

**M**RS. ALFRED EMMOTT, whose distinguished husband, the Chairman of Ways and Means, headed the list of new Privy Councillors, was before her marriage Miss Mary Gertrude Lees. The wedding of the Member for Oldham took place just twenty-one years ago—that is, in Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee year—and though the fame of the bridegroom was then confined to the well-known Lancashire town where his father had built

husband in his business and political career is the new Lady Allen, whose husband is chairman of Henry Bessemer and Co.; and of interest to Edinburgh folk is the knighthood conferred on that erstwhile popular member of the Edinburgh Town Council, Sir George McCrae, M.P., his wife having also received her due meed of congratulation.



LADY WEEDON, WIFE OF SIR HENRY WEEDON, LORD MAYOR OF MELBOURNE, NEW KNIGHT.

*Lady Hadfield.* The only American lady connected with the new honours is Lady Hadfield, the wife of the famous iron and steel magnate, who "comes from Sheffield." Lady Hadfield was a Miss Wickersham, of Alleghany, Pennsylvania, but, as is generally the case with her clever countrywomen, she found it quite easy to adapt herself to English ways and English life, and in addition to a delightful house in Sheffield, she is mistress of one of the stateliest mansions in the heart of Mayfair. She is, like her husband, a keen motorist.

*A Colonial Dame.* Of the many sons of Greater Britain who have found their way to the old country in this year of grace 1908, few have deserved or received a warmer welcome than the Lord Mayor of Melbourne. Sir Henry and Lady Weedon, as they must henceforth be styled, have been shown special favour by the royal family and the great pundits of the Colonial Office. Lady Weedon, as thrice Mayoress of Melbourne, has been closely identified with the splendid philanthropic works which the capital of Australia has erected in memory of Queen Victoria.



LADY BUNTING, WIFE OF SIR PERCY BUNTING, NEW KNIGHT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

The new *A.-G.* General Sir Ian Hamilton, who, it is understood, will be the new Adjutant-General of the Forces, is one of the handsomest of living Generals—indeed, his delicate, refined, and regular features suggest rather the poet or the artist than the man of action; and yet, ever since he first smelt powder in the Afghan War of 1878 he has never been out of it whenever there was any fighting to be had. He is naturally very shy and retiring, and even more taciturn than Lord Kitchener. The story goes that in the early days of the South African War "K. of K." demanded a Chief-of-Staff, "one with brains preferred." Whereupon Lord Roberts said, "That settles it, Hamilton, you will have to go."



LADY ALLEN, WIFE OF COLONEL SIR CHARLES ALLEN, NEW KNIGHT.

*A Methodist Knight's Lady.* The new

represent many interesting walks of life, and more than one of them is fortunate in having an exceptionally agreeable and accomplished helpmate. Thus, in the world of Methodism, and throughout Nonconformity generally, Lady Bunting—who was a Miss Lidgett—may claim to be quite as well known as the editor

#### THE BIRTHDAY HONOURS: WIVES OF THE HONOURED.



MRS. EMMOTT, WIFE OF THE RIGHT HON. ALFRED EMMOTT, NEW PRIVY COUNCILLOR.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

*Other New Knights' Wives.*

The new Lady Davies has received many warm congratulations from Bristol notables on her husband's Birthday honour, for she herself is Bristol born and bred, having been the daughter of Mr. O. Hosegood, a popular J.P. of that city. As Mrs. William Howell Davies, she aided her husband in every possible way when he was playing a leading part in local municipal politics, and their silver wedding was celebrated last year in their

beautiful home at Stoke Bishop. It was owing in a special manner to her exertions that the new knight defeated Mr. Walter Long, winning for his party a seat they had not held since 1889. Another lady who has been of the greatest assistance to her



LADY McCRAE, WIFE OF SIR GEORGE McCRAE, M.P., NEW KNIGHT.

Photograph by Moffat.

of the *Contemporary Review*. She herself came of very distinguished Nonconformist stock, and more than one of her close relations is connected with the splendid work carried on in connection with the missionary and charitable work done by the Methodists. Many years have gone by since Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bunting, as they then were, celebrated their silver wedding amid the warm congratulations of friends and acquaintances all over the world, but they are both still strong and hearty.



LADY HOWELL DAVIES, WIFE OF SIR WILLIAM HOWELL DAVIES, M.P., NEW KNIGHT.

Photograph by Lewis and Son.

Another lady who has been of the greatest assistance to her



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WRINKOLOGY- INSTEAD OF PALMISTRY.



IF YOU CAN READ YOUR PAST FROM WRINKLES IN THE HAND, WHY NOT READ MR. TAFT'S FUTURE FROM WRINKLES IN HIS BACK?

Back view of Big Billy Taft, showing permanent wrinkles in his coat.





By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

**A Startling Ambiguity.**

Mr. Willie Redmond is seldom serious except when evolving impromptus, or his suggestion that the newly ennobled should for a month wear rosettes might claim attention. It is embarrassing first to meet a man after the appearance of his name in the Birthday peerages. The man with a strawberry birthmark is unduly favoured at such a moment. His less fortunate fellows betray no evidence of their titular metamorphosis, and men who, like Mr. Balfour, do not read the papers might "Mister" his new Lordship all unknowing, which must be painful for at least one of the parties. The difficulty is, of course, enhanced where the new peer cannot find a title. A year or so ago, one of them appeared, in his chrysalis stage, at a local show. His presence attracted a photographer, who had the felicity to snap the newly great one conversing, like an ordinary mortal, with the mere commoners. But how to describe this peer with name not yet chosen? The man behind the camera made a valiant effort. In sending the photograph to the Press, he pencilled on the back of it, "The Lord in the midst of the committee."

**Fame's Cash Value.**

Man never is, but always to be, blessed. Mr. J. B. Joel has been receiving undesired prominence in the Press; while many a man, and still more women, would give their ears for a tithe of such notice—considered, of course, with regard only to length. It is always the unattained for which we sigh, whether it be Alexander moping over the absence of more conquerable territory or Cecil Rhodes crying out for a star to annex. The columns of a newspaper are the royal avenues down which the unparagraphed would travel to glory. That glory has a capital value. Company promoters know it, so do members of "the" profession; doctors and lawyers are not unmindful of its advantages, though these dangle tantalisingly beyond their legitimate reach. And the thing comes right home to us and manifests itself in the domestic quarters. "Why do you demand such high wages?" asked a lady of a maid whom she proposed to engage. "Because, Ma'am, me name's been in the papers," was the answer. "In the papers! What do you mean?" "Sure I gave evidence at an inquest."

**Fighting it Out.**

We can see now the wisdom of the minds which overruled the Prince Consort, who, while against duelling for the masses, desired to retain it as an effective custom for the Army and Navy. The quarrels of which we have been for some time hearing, affecting the relations of men high placed in the Navy, might by this time have deprived the nation of

the aid of one or two of her most valuable officers. What would happen were the services of these men suddenly required for war it is hardly pleasant to contemplate. We do know that the terrible loss of life which occurred during the typhoon at Hong Kong, a couple of years ago, might have been averted but for a quarrel between two observatories, one of which had a warning, two days' ahead, of the approach of the storm, and did not pass it on to its rival. In the old days they fought these things out with arms, and many a good man died with the dawn for a quarrel in which a couple of tippling nobles had become engaged over-night.

**"PINCHING" THE DOG WITH WIRE NIPPERS.**

The French dog-thief follows the dog and its owner until he can find a favourable moment for lifting the animal from the ground. Then, without tugging the chain, he cuts it with wire nippers and makes off with his booty.

**Family Feuds.**

Of course, it is quite smart to be engaged in a long, lasting quarrel. The royal houses enjoy great excitement from the habit. Scotland and Ireland, where every family is of royal descent, began their family quarrels when history was in the cradle, and some of the feuds have lasted unto this day. Masses are still said in Ireland for the souls of the men

and of their descendants who fought at their lord's behest against the men of that chief's rival. A pleasant fellow was this hero of the quarrel. He had a nice estate, but he divided it at death—the one half to go for masses to benefit his followers; the other half for genuine, hearty curses to be fulminated against the enemy of his clan. In England some of our feuds have continued for centuries. That between the house of Grosvenor and the house of Scrope began in the fourteenth century. None other than Chaucer started it, when he reported to the Scropes that the then inconsiderable Grosvenors claimed to bear the same arms as the Scropes. The inquiry that followed would make a modern

**A PLEASANCE ONE FOOT SQUARE: THE SMALLEST GARDEN IN EXISTENCE.**

At the Franco-British Exhibition Messrs Barr exhibited a garden one foot square. It contained fir-trees, elms, evergreens, flowering azaleas, a stream, a bridge, and a house.—[Photograph by the Topical Press]

Royal Commission seem hasty and insignificant. The Grosvenors failed to profit by it. They dropped the disputed "*Argent, bend or*," but the memory of the loss lasted through the centuries, and when the late Duke of Westminster's colours were carried to victory in the Derby, it was by Bend Or.



HALT FOR THE HALT.



PASSENGER: Now, suppose I'd fallen down and broken my leg, what then?

CONDUCTOR: Well, then you wouldn't 'ave 'ad to do no more jumpin'. We always stops for people with crutches.

DRAWN BY FRED BUCHANAN.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



**H**IGH as is the dive which Mr. Speedy is making at the Hippodrome, it is a long way from the highest which he has ever made, for he has jumped from a height of 186 feet above the surface of the water. Once he dived from the Big Four Bridge, a few miles out of Memphis. The fact that he was going to do so was announced by posters all through the neighbouring country. A great many excursion-trains were run to Memphis on the occasion. The police, however, decided to prevent the attempt. Mr. Speedy got wind of this, and resolved to circumvent them, for he stood to make close on £2000 on the jump. Early in the morning it was given out that he had left the town, and had gone on a hunting expedition some miles away. It was perfectly true. He had, however, ordered a special train to take him back to Memphis in time for the jump. At five minutes to three the train, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, rolled on the bridge from which the jump was to be made at three o'clock. Mr. Speedy did not wait for the train to slow up, but dropped from the tail end, and as he did not alight on his feet, he rolled over and over on the track. Happily, he was unhurt, and

should not pay for it. The manager looked the actor in the eye, and, putting his right hand on his hip-pocket, said: "You will either pay for it or go back and eat it." Discretion was the better part of valour. Mr. Mainwaring did not go back, but promptly paid. It was the only time he had a gun drawn on him. Had he demurred the manager might have fired, or he might not, but it was not worth taking the risk for the sake of ten cents.

There is nothing the public loves more than a romance of the stage, and of all romances probably the elopement of an actress takes the first place. In the history of such episodes Miss Jean Harkness would figure in a unique manner, for no one ever eloped at an earlier age than she did, though, truth to say, it was before she ever went on the stage, or thought of becoming an actress. It happened in Cape Town, where she was born, and she was of the mature age of three, when she was persuaded by a romantic youth of four to elude the vigilance of her nurse one day, when they were playing in the Botanical Gardens, and go off with him. The two children went off, and it was actually some hours before they



Miss Maude Millett.

MISS MAUDE MILLETT FIGHTS A DUEL ON THE MUSIC-HALL STAGE: A SCENE FROM "THE TOAST OF THE TOWN."

Luke Jennings' sketch is to be presented on the music-halls by Miss Maude Millett. The scene was photographed on the Urbanora Company's new stage for theatrical pictures.

Photograph by the Topical Press.

picking himself up, he immediately began to climb one of the supports of the bridge. The police rushed for him, but the start he had prevented them from catching him. Although in his fall the wind had been almost knocked out of his body, he did not wait to recover his breath fully, but dived headlong before he had had the signal that the boat waiting to pick him up had seen that the water was quite clear of débris. A log happened to be floating by, and as he entered the water, he struck his right thigh and hurt himself so badly that he was unable to swim to the boat, but he managed to keep himself afloat until it came up, when those on board hauled him into it.

The profession of the actor does not, in the ordinary way, lead him into the paths where violence and sudden death lurk. An incident in the career of Mr. Ernest Mainwaring, who is playing Walter Crutchley in "The Flag Lieutenant," furnishes, however, one of the inevitable exceptions to the rule. During his last tour in America he went to Cripple Creek, the well-known mining town in the mountains of Colorado, which some fifteen years or so ago had a great "boom" on account of its mineral wealth, and became notorious for the crimes of violence committed by the desperados who were attracted to the place in the hope of getting rich quickly. The company had to leave very early in the morning, and before their departure Mr. Mainwaring went into the hotel restaurant and ordered coffee and toast. The coffee arrived, but the toast was not forthcoming, and before it could be brought he had to hurry off to catch the train. When paying his bill at the office he told the manager that the waiter had failed to bring the toast in time, so he

were found. When she got home Miss Harkness paid the penalty of her rashness, for her mother gave her a sound whipping. Next day Miss Harkness met her fellow-eloper. She went up to him and compared notes. "I got a flogging when I got home," she vouchsafed in a moment of confidence. "Did you?" "No," said the boy boastfully. "Then you are going to," said the damsel. And she fell upon him tooth and nail, and gave him a thorough good drubbing before her nurse discovered what was going on, and pulled her irate charge away.

Everyone knows the familiar proverb about listeners never hearing any good of themselves. Occasionally, it would appear that the remark might be extended to include the listener's relations. Something of a tragedy invariably lurks in the news thus heard, but occasionally there is a comedy relief. The latter phase of the subject was once demonstrated in the case of Miss Margaret Bussé—lately playing the amusing Miss Huddle, one of the pretty manicure girls of "The Gay Lord Quex"—when, for a time, she was playing Dolly, the twin girl in "You Never Can Tell," at the Court. Her mother had been sitting next to a lady who got into conversation with her. The stranger naturally began by talking about the performance in general, and then of the actors in particular. In time she came to Miss Bussé, of whom she said many charmingly complimentary things. Then she finished up with, "And she is a very pretty girl, too. But," she added gloomily, after a pause, "you never can tell what these actresses are like off the stage." Unhappily, history does not relate the remark Mrs. Bussé made in reply.



"AS(H) YOU WERE!"



EFFIE (who has been exploring the ash-pit): Look, daddy, somebody's frowed away quite a good cat!

DRAWN BY PHILIP BAYNES.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. DOBELL has just published "Centuries of Meditations," a prose work by Thomas Traherne, whose poems he issued four years ago under remarkable circumstances. Thomas Traherne did not leave his manuscript in a red box at Mr. Dobell's door in Charing Cross Road. He approached no publisher. Not till over two hundred years after his death did a publisher discover him. Had Rossetti's poems remained in his wife's coffin till well on in the twenty-first century, or had Chatterton made actual discoveries in the muniment room at Bristol, the case would have had its precedents; but as Rossetti had the courage of his altered mind, and Chatterton the courage of his inventions, the story of Traherne stands alone in the history of English literature.

Traherne, the poet has taken his place in the seventeenth-century group comprising Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw. He has sallied forth from a modern bookshop in one of London's ugliest modern streets to take his rightful place at the table, not of the Mermaid Tavern, but at the Sign of the Flaming Heart. And he is the most jocund of the company there; jocund with the joy of the spirit's life. If it is to be regretted that his poetry has been locked away from so many generations of readers, there is consolation and even unexpected matter for congratulation at hand. Had Traherne's poems been published in his lifetime, our literature would to-day have been the poorer by one of its greatest possessions. It is not too much to say that Wordsworth could not have written the "Intimations of Immortality" Ode had Traherne's poems been on his table; for Wordsworth would have had neither the impulse to say again what had already been said, nor the effrontery to commit so close a plagiarism. We know how many imitators every great genius provokes into action; but here we have hints of poets of genius silenced by the poets who have lived, and published, before them. Traherne had written, but not published. Wordsworth had no intimation of *that* Traherne immortality; so he said his own splendid say.

Traherne the writer of prose is no less remarkable than Traherne the poet. The "Centuries of Meditations," given to us by Mr. Dobell, contain passages that are unequalled for gay and sparkling wisdom. Let the man who holds a not altogether unreasonable prejudice against prayer-books—they are so doddily printed and so disastrously bound—and who yet would have occasional recourse to the literature of the spirit, go to Traherne. He is the apostle of the Happy Life. His definition of that state would not, it is true, include Ascot or the Exhibition, and yet it is—quite worth considering. Mr. Dobell, in his able introduction, comes very near to proving that his latest publication is a greater work than the "Imitation of Christ." Let us hope for it one tithe of the popularity of the work that has gone into so many editions that a mere catalogue of them forms a substantial volume. A "definitive"—but only in that sense a final—edition, by the way, of A' Kempis's work has just been issued

by Burns. It is arranged for the first time on the author's own plan, which one supposes would please him, though it might offend his modesty to see himself set in type of so much pride and beauty, or to read the appreciations of his work here set forth, including, besides those of saints and pontiffs and martyrs, George Eliot's and a Sultan of Morocco's!

If Lord Cromer's literary sense were a little more sensitive he might find himself unable to offer to his countrymen the bald advice, "Tell the truth." On a former occasion Lord Cromer

announced that he himself told it. It happens that in literature no statement is more compromising! The truth of the truthful man is taken for granted; the man who finds it advisable to assure his fellows he is truthful is caught in the very act of making false professions. Truthful James will always be Untruthful James. Readers of "Peter Simple"—a book which retains its charm even amid the more closely observed sea-sketches of Bullen and Masfield and Jacobs—will remember Captain Kearney: "He's the greatest liar that ever walked a deck. In fact, Mr. Simple, he never tells the truth except by mistake." That is the account given to Peter Simple of his new chief, whom the ship's company thereupon mustered to receive. "Now, my lads," said this new Ananias of a commander, "always tell the truth—that's enough." Many another bit of good advice, possible in days that were, has similarly gone the way of burlesque. Nobody now says that "Honesty is the best policy," except sardonically; and the phrase "Be good, and you will be happy," is on the mouth of the moralist only when he is in the mood of the mocker. The sententious, it seems, must always perish, and it dies happily since it dies smiling at itself.

In these days of desuetude for magazines, *Blackwood* puts the desultory reader into good spirits by going persistently on. The *Ethiopian* cannot change his skin, all the beauty-shops of Bond

Street notwithstanding; and *Ebon*, following the same law of final perseverance, does not shift with fashion—it keeps to the old price of palmier days, and it retains on its cover the bust of John Knox, no matter what missiles Mr. Andrew Lang may fling at him. The important thing is that *Maga* retains its old vitality, and is not, therefore, afraid of the young man. It discovered Alfred Noyes, who has since covered himself with no mean glory, *Maga* nearly always assisting; and if a young subaltern sends from India a brilliant sketch, sure enough he will have the sweetness of seeing his name in print, for this editor is more rarely caught napping than Warner is caught out. So it happens that the July *Blackwood* prints a gay record of a visit to Kashmere made by "P. R. Butler," of whom it may be interesting to students of the descent of talent in man to note that he is his father's son, his father being the author of "The Great Lone Land." Ruskinians will remember that the Master, in a moment of sympathetic rapture, once declared of Sir William Butler: "He could have written all my books."

M. E.



"Well, Gorge, what did the pig fetch?"

"Not near so much as I expected. I never thought it would."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.



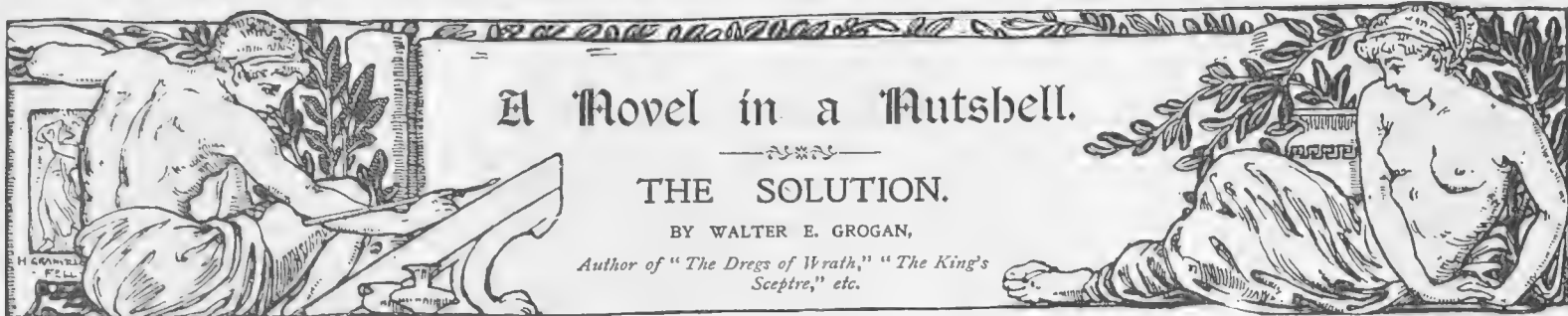
MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.



GERMAN PROFESSOR: Ach! Zese English is crazy over ze cold baths!

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.





WHEN we were entirely and absolutely alone she turned upon me angrily.

"I am glad," she said—her voice carefully abstaining from emphasising the fact—"I am glad that we are alone."

"It is rather jolly," I agreed pleasantly.

"I don't mean that at all," she declared hurriedly. "I am merely glad that at last I am able to speak—to explain my position. My feeling of gladness had no—no personal application."

"My term 'jolly' referred solely to the trees and sky and—er—the stream. Jolly little stream, isn't it?"

"Oh!" she cried, rather lamely.

"You thought that I meant it was jolly being with you," I continued.

"Certainly not, Mr. Courtenay."

"You did. Girls always jump to conclusions, especially if the conclusions hold a personal colour."

"I think you are rude," Marian said. She threw the remark at the atmosphere. Her little rounded chin was uplifted. I was not. It suggested storm and stress in every curve.

"That is immaterial," I answered.

"Really, Mr. Courtenay—"

"What matters is, not what you think, but the actual fact itself. You think I am rude. I know that I am not. You see? Your thought of me is a disparagement, and unjust at that. It is also a disparagement of yourself, and as such I resent it. Could anyone be rude to you?"

She stared at an uninteresting tree for a moment.

"I think we had better sit down," she said suddenly. "It is not necessary for you to sit so near," she added, immediately afterwards.

"If I said that I were a little deaf?" I suggested, not altering my position. The sunlight, lancing through the frail leaf-screen, dancing on the soft, good-natured breeze, made splashes of colour on her chestnut hair and rubbed them out again. You could hardly expect a man to move with so fascinating an object of interest in full view.

"I should say that I had never heard of it before," she replied sceptically.

"I never blazon my imperfections," I assured her.

"Mr. Courtenay"—she spoke with considerable firmness—"it is due to me that I enter upon an explanation. You are aware of my position?"

"It is charming," I murmured. "If only I were an artist—"

"There!" She turned her head triumphantly. "Why do you say that? It is a trite, a very trite compliment. It is also obviously insincere."

"Miss Wemyss!" I cried.

"No, don't protest. I know. Do you think that I have arrived at my age without ability to appraise the value of a tone? I have had one season. One learns to detect the obviously insincere very quickly in a London Season—one has so many opportunities of learning. You paid me an obviously insincere compliment. Why? I think that I do you justice when I say that you are not stupid enough to believe that I am a fool."

"Miss Wemyss!" I cried again. I was aware that the interjection was hardly equal to the occasion. Yet taken aback as I was, I felt that she was growing more actively interesting than she had been in all the hours of the last three days during which we had languidly bored each other. Of course there had always been the passive interest of her hair. And, as a matter of fact, of her face. Also she had a slim, graceful figure. These you will understand were passive palliatives of boredom.

"You paid me that compliment because you thought that I expected it. You have been remarkably distasteful to me ever since I met you," she continued, with growing heat, when I broke in again.

"Miss Wemyss!" I cried. After all, what else could I cry?

"It is clear to me, so patently clear to me. I have been asked down to The Woodlands to meet you, and you have been asked down to meet me."

This was alarming. It was undoubtedly the truth—that made it all the more alarming. Our mothers had been friends, and our fathers had been at Sandhurst together, and together joined the regiment in which they both passed most of their military careers. Beyond that, I believe my mother had a vague, pot-pourri sentimental

feeling for Colonel Wemyss, who was too gallant an officer not to reciprocate. And Mrs. Wemyss—well, my father was always a handsome man.

"We both happen to be distantly related to the Temletts. There really is nothing wonderful in our meeting here," I said.

"It is the first visit General and Mrs. Courtenay have made since their return from India," she answered scornfully. "It is the first visit my parents have ever made to The Woodlands, and they have been in England seven years."

"After all," I assured her cheerfully, "there must be a first. It is a necessity of natural events."

"You know quite well that I am being thrown at your head."

"While I am being thrown at your feet," I said. I thought that neat and rather purred over it. I was soon disabused.

"There—you see! How can a self-respecting woman tolerate it? You are thrown—you have no volition of your own; you are a passive agent, you are——" She paused suddenly, as with an effort. "I suppose it would be rude to be as angry as I feel."

Anger suits some women—it suited Marian. She looked royal, magnificent.

"I think you are over-sensitive," I said diplomatically. "Our complacent parents are not as young as we are—the Temletts are as elderly as any people so tortoise-like can ever hope to be; it is therefore not unnatural that we should see much of each other."

"The much is every waking hour!" She spoke indignantly. "I sit next you at every meal, I walk with you, drive with you, play tennis with you, and accompany your songs."

"I'm awfully sorry about that," I said huffily.

"I don't suppose you can help it. They insist, they drive us—and you seem to like singing." There was an element of surprise in her voice that I think was quite uncalled for.

"No, no," I disclaimed. "It is quite as much a bore to sing to unmusical people as it is for unmusical people to listen to singing."

"You are annoyed now."

"I am not," I said indignantly. I was not. I was sorry. I had thought Marian was musical. I was sorry that she was not. There is a great difference between being annoyed and being sorry.

"I am glad that you are annoyed." She dug her parasol viciously into a clod of earth and set a number of inoffensive beetles scurrying in the wildest alarm. "Anything is better than your cowardly complacency."

"The mistake is that we never met before," I said. "When you came out, I was running over Europe with Uncle Joseph."

"Thank you." She sat up stiffly. "If we had met before the return of your parents——"

"I did not mean that," I said quickly.

"And you were not, therefore, hypnotised into unwilling——" she continued viciously.

"Oh, come, Miss Wemyss!" I cried.

"Unwilling obedience to their commands," she sailed on serenely, "you might have conveyed to me the distaste——"

"I should never have done that," I asserted.

"There! You are still acting under their influence!" she cried, with the triumphant air of clinching an argument.

"However much I felt it," I continued.

"Oh!" Her back became rigid.

"You were going to indulge me with an explanation, Miss Wemyss," I ventured, after an interval.

"Yes. Here it is. I do not agree with my parents."

"Really? I have found them most agreeable."

"It is they who throw me at your head. I am merely passive." She actively assaulted a small pebble with the point of her parasol.

"When you walk, drive, and play with me—yes. But surely there is a way out. Tell them frankly what you think of me."

"Mr. Courtenay, I could not. They have a very high opinion of you, and I may—I am willing to admit that I am fallible—I may be misjudging you. I could not seek to destroy their—their opinion of you. I hope you do not mind my frankness?"

"Not at all. It is refreshing." I spoke viciously. No man is quite unruffled at the adverse opinion of a pretty woman. I think I have stated that Marian is pretty.

"Of course you don't like it. No man ever can stand the truth."

[Continued overleaf.]



WORTH THE RISK.



JENNY: If you eat all those sweets and fruits, ma says you'll die.  
FREDDY (*his birthday*): "Oh, death, where is thy sting?"

DRAWN BY J. MACWILSON.



I have shown you that it is impossible that I can go to my parents. As a matter of fact, you have been thrust down my throat ever since I left school. They—they have set all their hopes upon—upon accomplishing their desires."

"Your frankness is not so discernible now, Miss Wemyss. You mean they have set their hearts upon making a match between us."

"If you prefer that crude way of putting it—yes. And so I cannot—you see my position. Now you——" She turned round suddenly and smiled at me. Marian has a fascinating smile. It blazes out suddenly from eyes and lips—like a sun slipping round the edge of a cloud.

"You wish me to——"

"Exactly. You cannot care for me."

"No. That does seem rather impossible, doesn't it?"

"Then why not tell your parents?"

"I would—only they also have a very high opinion of you, Miss Wemyss."

"I—of course, your mother and the General are dears—I don't see why they should not. How can that matter?"

"They will lose you as——"

"I know what you mean," she interposed hurriedly, and the sun was really not hot enough to make her look so warm. "But I never was that. And the loss of me as—that could not endanger their opinion of me."

"I fear you do not know parents. I do. I have made a study of them. But it is not only that."

"Well?"

"I really do not like to be frank, Miss Wemyss," I said. She was looking away from me. I winked solemnly at a squirrel who was washing his face.

"I wish it," she replied in a dignified tone. "I have no reason to be annoyed at frankness."

"Of course not," I replied heartily. "I have abstained from—from speaking to the General or the mater because I was afraid they would regard you as a flirt."

"Mr. Courtenay!" she cried, in a muffled voice.

"The General said—I tried to hint that—well, to find a way out, you know."

"Oh, you have tried—I did not know."

"Oh, bless you, I tried," I assured her cheerfully. "And the General said, 'My dear Jack, I hope we Courtenays are honourable men. What other attributes you have I don't know—you keep 'em hidden; but I think you're a Courtenay in the question of honour. And you have received that girl's advances with equanimity—even, I may say, encouragement.'"

"Mr. Courtenay, how dare you!" Her voice was hot with indignation.

"I don't," I answered. "It was the General. I—er—said that your advances might have been from pure girlishness. He said they were too barefaced for that. I did not agree with him. I pointed out that you were young (I hope you don't mind my frankness, but I think it far better that you should know all), but he said, even in a young girl, such evident preference for a man was——"

"That is quite enough, Mr. Courtenay." Her voice was now horribly cold.

"Of course, I see how the mistake has arisen," I continued. "I could tell the General that your parents forced you——"

"They would never forgive me. I thought that you would tell yours that you——"

"Yes. But the General seems to think that I am bound in honour, having suffered your advances——" Marian made an alarming sound. "Of course," I hastened to add, "I am only giving you his opinion. It is rather hard to—to let him believe that I am dishonourable. After all, he is my father."

"I have made no advances!" she cried indignantly.

"No—o," I said hesitatingly.

"What do you mean, Mr. Courtenay, by that?" she inquired, with a hard, clear-cut precision of tone.

"What one generally does by a negative. But how can I persuade the General? It seems hopeless."

"Can't you plead a previous attachment?" she suggested, with an air of discovery.

"I—er—tried to hint," I said. "I told you. The General wouldn't listen. He said——"

"Never mind what your father said," she interjected. We both sat silent for a while.

"Did you suffer her advances, Mr. Courtenay?" she inquired presently.

"Whose?" I asked. The squirrel, having finished his ablutions, looked at me in disgust, whisked his tail, and disappeared.

"The previous attachment's?"

"She did not make any."

"That means you did not see them."

"She is not at all that sort—besides, she had no reason for making them!" I said indignantly.

"I never heard of her before," she said.

"No. One doesn't talk about—about that sort of thing. It—it is hopeless, I fear."

"Oh, don't think that, Mr. Courtenay. It is part of many women's armoury to make you think things are hopeless. You see,

hopelessness is a state in which caution does not exist." Marian's voice was tinged with acid.

"You think that it is possible that she could care for me?" I asked.

"I do not say that. I think it is possible she might—might accept you." She considered the matter for a few moments. "Have you spoken to her about—about it?"

"No," I answered truthfully. Really I had been blind to Marian's charm until then. I regretted the wasted three days.

"But you will?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied. "If the General would only——"

"Then, as she has contrived to make you think it hopeless, and yet not so hopeless that you have given up all thought of speaking"—Marian's speech was very hurried—"I have no doubt that she means to—to—well, acquiesce in your wishes."

"It would be a solution of our difficulty," I said.

"Of course," she replied, without enthusiasm.

"If only the General——" I commenced.

"The General is ridiculous!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, isn't he?" I replied. "You will wish me luck?"

"That is rather vague, Mr. Courtenay. Do you mean luck in getting what you—er—seem to desire, or merely good luck without qualification?"

"Both," I said briefly.

"I am afraid that would be impossible."

"But one contains the other," I remonstrated.

"Does it?" she mused. "You are—shall I say?—sanguine, Mr. Courtenay." Marian looked at me—one of her swift, disconcerting glances. I was smiling. I don't think she saw that. I smoothed it out very quickly. I don't think it was possible that she could have seen.

"I am not sanguine," I assured her. "I told you that I think it is hopeless."

"However, this is, as you say, a solution," she answered cheerfully. "Of course, I see your difficulty. If the General has conceived this absurd idea about me—I really have annoyed my mother by my show of indifference—nothing will shake it. If he is a dear—I said so just now, and he has been very nice to me—it is undeniable that he is pig-headed."

"As a battery mule," I agreed perfunctorily. I was in considerable doubt as to where she was driving.

"And in that case I cannot leave the task of informing him of the solution to you. I myself will tell my parents. I shall ask them not to tell the General or your mother." She spoke briskly and with a horrid calmness.

"But they are bound to tell them. All four are as thick as thieves!" I was utterly aghast.

"I shall say that I knew all the while, and then the General will be disabused about my making—making advances. So preposterous!"

"But to say that will be to utter—well, an untruth. I really cannot permit that," I said sternly.

"A mere white lie—besides, I guessed it."

"I am sure you didn't!"

"I really did. You had the complacency of a man with affections already engaged." She smiled at me. "A woman's intuition is very quick," she added, with a wise and patronising air.

"But really you must not say anything to your people!" I protested. "I have told you that I think it is hopeless."

"Even if it were—and I have pointed out that I think it is not—my people would see how impossible their scheme was. Rejection might make you technically free, but your affections would not be free. The second-hand has never appealed to me—I care nothing for damaged curios. And it is due to me, Mr. Courtenay, that your father should be relieved of that preposterously wrong impression he has."

"I myself will speak to the General," I declared.

"Oh, no, oh, no, Mr. Courtenay. My plan is the better. You will have an opening. The General will understand that as I was fully aware of your infatuation, I could not be guilty of—of what he said. There will be no question of honour, and all you will have to do is to give the name and receive the blessings——"

"You are going very fast, Miss Wemyss," I cautioned her. "You will remember that I regard it as hopeless."

"If a man is really in love he can accomplish much," Marian said softly.

"Even if he has started all wrong?"

"Even then."

"Even if he has given an entirely wrong impression of indifference and complacency?"

"The impression, if adequately removed, might be forgivable."

"You give me hope—you are awfully good to me." I spoke humbly. Humbleness, if adroitly used, is often of much weight. "But I think I had better speak to—to her first, don't you?"

"Perhaps it would be better," she said. She stared vacantly at a belt of trees. I shifted my seat a little.

"I have been a fool," I commenced.

"Is that worthy of comment?" she asked.

"A complacent ass. But I am cured. Marian, remember you gave me hope. . . . I thought there was none—honestly I did. But you said—— Is there any hope, Marian?"

There was. And so we discovered the Solution.

THE END.





## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

THE dinner at which the Bar of England will entertain the Prime Minister in the Inner Temple Hall on Friday will be a unique occasion. Never before has a practising Prime Minister of England, at any rate in modern times. No doubt the Lord Chancellorship and the other glittering prizes open to successful lawyers have hitherto proved irresistible. But Mr. Asquith, even after he had held for three years the high office of Home Secretary, was content to return to his practice at the Bar. As a barrister Mr. Asquith has always been distinguished for his clearness and lucidity, and, like his colleague, Mr. Haldane, he won his reputation in arguments, not before juries, but before the highly trained intellects of the Chancery Bench, the Court of Appeal, and the House of Lords.

#### The Gray's Inn Ball.

On Friday, too, the Treasurer of Gray's Inn (Mr. Duke, K.C.) and the Benchers give a ball to the members of that learned society. Mr. Duke is an interesting example of how a man may get on by perseverance. Not so very long ago he was a comparatively obscure journalist, and he was thirty before he was called to the Bar. By his own industry, aided by the friendship and kindly help of Sir Edward Clarke, he has built up an excellent practice, is Recorder of Devonport, and is pretty sure to be made a Judge before very long.

#### Mr. C. F. Gill.

Mr. C. F. Gill has long been in the forefront of our criminal lawyers, and his selection to act on behalf of the prosecution in the Sievier case came, therefore, as no surprise. Strangely enough, however, he has acted on many occasions as defending counsel in criminal cases. He tells rather an amusing story in this connection. He was prosecuting in a case at the Old Bailey a few years ago when the prisoner elected to give evidence on his own behalf. He received rather a severe handling in the witness-box from Mr. Gill, who said, "You have been in this dock before, I believe?" The man assented. "And were very lucky on that occasion to be acquitted, eh?" persisted Mr. Gill. "You ought to know; you were my counsel and got me off," growled the man, while the Court smiled broadly. "I don't think I should pursue that line of cross-examination any further, Mr. Gill, if I were you," was Mr. Justice Darling's quiet comment, while the Court laughed again. A witness, however, who tries to be smart at Mr. Gill's expense is very unwise, and is usually utterly

discomfited, for, despite his seeming suavity of temper, he has a fund of mordant wit, and never allows liberties to be taken with him. He is universally popular with both Bench and Bar, and the late Mr. Justice Hawkins once remarked that the Angel Gabriel would begin to have uncomfortable feelings as to his guilty past when he heard Mr. Gill open the prosecution against him.



Mr. Keene.

Mr. Forbes.

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN DRIVEN TO ENGLAND BY THE UNITED STATES BETTING LAW: MR. JAMES R. KEENE, THE VICE-CHAIRMAN OF THE CONEY ISLAND JOCKEY CLUB, AND MR. H. DE C. FORBES.

Owing to the anti-betting laws in America, United States sportsmen are sending their horses to the English turf. Mr. Keene has already sent over a large part of his stud, including Colin, which won fourteen consecutive races.

Photograph by Topical.

#### The New First Lord.

The new First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Reginald McKenna, is to be entertained at dinner by the Royal Navy Club on Friday. Unfortunately, the rules of this ancient club do not admit of the attendance of ladies, so that the feast will be deprived of the bright and engaging presence of Mr. McKenna's charming young bride, the daughter of Sir Herbert and Lady Jekyll. The new First Lord has already made a great impression at the Admiralty by his sound business ability, and he is sure of a hearty welcome from the grizzled old sea-dogs who compose the Royal Navy Club.

#### Lady Allendale's Dance.

Lady Allendale is giving a dance to-night (8th) at 144, Piccadilly. It is not a little curious that the sister of so redoubtable a Conservative as Lord Londonderry should be one of the principal hostesses of the Liberal Party. Yet so it is. As Lady Aline Beaumont she entertained a good deal, and now that her husband, who is Captain

of the Yeomen of the Guard, has succeeded to the princely possessions of his late father, her brilliant social qualities will have still further scope.

#### Lord and Lady Chelsea.

Much sympathy is felt with Lady Chelsea in the death of her husband. She is the sister of Lord Alington and the Hon. Lady Hardinge, the Queen's friend, and her marriage to Lord Cadogan's son and heir delighted all her friends. Lord Chelsea was a very good-looking man, with brown moustache and brown hair; at

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A STONE-THROWER FOR THE STADIUM.

The bronze statue of an athlete throwing a stone was offered by the town of Prague as a prize for the Olympic Games.

Photograph by Rol.

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A MEDAL FOR TRUTHFUL FISHERMEN.

The medal is presented by the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina Island, off the coast of California, for the largest black sea-bass taken by the rod and line. The medal has been held since 1902 by H. T. Kendall with a record fish of 419 lb.

Photograph by Inkersley.



THE GREEK MODEL FOR THE MODERN DIRECTOIRE DRESS.

It was from this beautiful figure, one of the Tanagra statuettes, that Mme. Margaine Lacroix took her idea for the famous Directoire dress which created such a sensation at Longchamp.

Lord and Lady Chelsea had five daughters—one of whom is a god-child of the Queen, and another of the Princess Royal—before the long-expected boy came, to whom the King and the Prince of Wales stood sponsors, the child receiving the names of Edward and George.



# KEY-NOTES

M. VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN may well be contented with the results of his recital at the Queen's Hall last week, for not only did he do what he liked with the audience, but he took almost as many liberties with some of the composers he interpreted, and in each case his efforts met with no other rebuke than applause. The celebrated pianist



A GREAT CARMEN OFF THE OPERATIC STAGE: MARIA GAY.

*Photograph by Otisup*

was in his most extravagant mood, and contrived to give to his recital something of the quality of a variety entertainment, and yet, for all his extravagances, he was constant in his supreme mastery over the piano; and though his development of certain compositions must have sounded strange, and even unpleasant, to many of his audience, there is no doubt that his superb rendering of the more familiar work atoned for everything. One would not tolerate from anybody save M. de Pachmann such liberties with the conventions of the concert-platform or the written message of composers. But when the Polish pianist has taken his last extravagant farewell of an enthusiastic audience, the dominant question in its mind is, when will he come back again?—and the chief hope that the return will not be long delayed.

The production of Verdi's "Otello" is always an event of great musical importance. For the composer wrote the music when he was well past the age which the Psalmist has set down as the limit of man's life, and it proved to be almost the best opera from his pen. One cannot help feeling that for the sake of "Otello" and "Falstaff," the Recording Angel must have felt compelled to forget that Verdi acknowledged himself composer of "Traviata" and "Trovatore." Boito, the composer of "Mefistofele," wrote the book to "Otello" for Verdi, and managed to follow Shakespeare's story very closely, and the first presentation of the opera in London took place just nineteen years ago, when Maurel was Iago, and Tamagno the Otello.

Wednesday's performance was not a remarkable one. Zenatello struggled valiantly with hoarseness; Scotti, for all that he was splendidly dramatic, has not got the powerful voice that the part of Iago demands; while Melba, who was in excellent voice, lacks the dramatic instinct that should make certain scenes memorable. There were moments in which her acting sufficed, but one could not avoid the thought that the performance would have gained

immensely had the prima-donna been able to rival Zenatello and Scotti on the dramatic side.

In the early part of last week Mme. Rose Olitzka gave a recital at the Bechstein Hall, prior to her departure to America. Mme. Olitzka has always been a singer to whom a study of the composer's intentions is of the first importance, and one may listen to her interpretations with the conviction that they have been thought out cleverly and carefully. In the larger concert-halls the singer is not always at her best, but at the Bechstein she could place her voice with ease and certainty, and was heard to great advantage in work by Schubert, Strauss and others.

Rimsky-Korsakoff is dead, in his sixty-fifth year, and Russia has lost a distinguished musician. We do not know much about his work in Western Europe, but it followed Tchaikovsky's to Paris, Berlin, and London. Trained for the Navy, Rimsky-Korsakoff found that he could not ignore the call of music, and, after giving proof of his gifts, he became a professor in the Imperial Conservatoire at St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, he was not able to keep quite clear of politics, and during the Russo-Japanese War he and several distinguished professors were dismissed from their posts, to the great regret of friends and colleagues. He composed a large number of operas and much orchestral and chamber music, and Glazounov was among his pupils.

M. Marak having recovered from his indisposition, "Carmen" was revived at Covent Garden on Thursday night, with Maria Gay in the title-rôle and a newcomer, Mme. Rider-Kelsey, in the part of Micaela. One may be excused for being uncertain whether the Czech tenor's Don José was worth waiting for, though he would have scored heavily in a drawing-room; but Mme. Rider-Kelsey is a gifted soprano, and Maria Gay remains the only real Carmen before the opera-going public. She has added little touches to her reading, she creates and sustains a Spanish atmosphere, and though too intense, too realistic, and too much



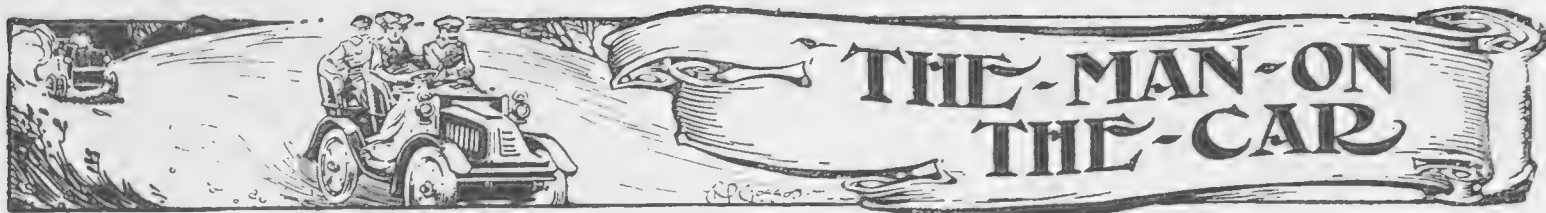
M. MARAK, WHO IS APPEARING IN "CARMEN" WITH MARIA GAY.

*Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.*

in earnest for those whom the heroines of Verdi and Donizetti satisfy, she cannot fail to satisfy the few who chance to know the country and people of Merimée's story. It is to be hoped that Mme. Gay will play the part with Zenatello as Don José before the season closes.

COMMON CHORD.

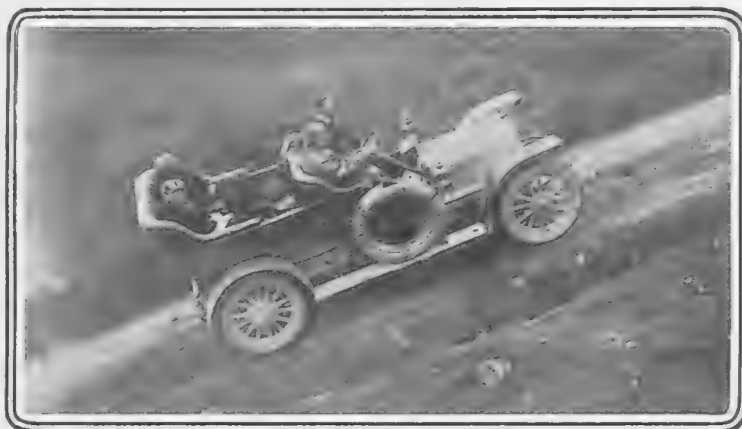




THE SUCCESS OF THE INTERNATIONAL RELIABILITY TRIAL—THE VALUE OF THE TEST—THE FOUR-INCH RACE—A GREAT ENTRY—  
ADLERS—ADMIRABLE IN RELIABILITY TRIALS.

SINCE the writing of my notes last week, the International Reliability Trial was brought to a successful conclusion at Brooklands. The purport of the Trial was nothing more or less than the search for the perfect touring-car, or the car that under all sorts and conditions of running would go nearest to that quite unattainable desideratum. It has been suggested—chiefly by certain folk who had funked, or at least abstained from, entering cars—that the Trial was after all a very soft thing, and quite beneath their notice. However that may be, like views were not held by such firms as Daimler, Panhard and Levassor, Rolls-Royce, Jarrott and Letts, Swift, Thornycroft, and others. From all that has been told of the Trial, it appears to have proved a most thorough and most searching test, inasmuch as of the forty-six cars which left London on June 11, and passed that number over the Border into Scotland, but thirty-six, and certain of those in a more or less maimed condition, regained England ten days later. Curiously enough, the fatalities to the English

Another event, this one to come, which has been more or less frowned upon by those who lack the desire or the pluck to enter is the so-called Four-Inch Race, due for decision in the Isle of Man, and for which the entries at the ordinary fee of £35 closed on Wednesday last. My latest information is to the effect that up to date the names of no fewer than thirty-five cars have been inscribed, and that before the list closed finally, several additional entries were confidently expected. This large and satisfactory field includes Rovers, Arrol-Johnstons, De Dions, Darracqs, Humbers (both of Coventry and Beeston), Thornycrofts, Deasys, Métallurgiques, Berliets, Huttons (which are Napiers), Calthorpes, Hillman-Coatalans, Vinots, and others. There still lack names which the automobile public would like to see figuring in the list, but the crowd is a fairly representative one nevertheless, and if a decent percentage of the entries go to the post, a fine sporting competition should result.



[Photo. Dixon.]

CLIMBING A GRADIENT OF 1 IN 4: THE 40-H.P. ARGYLL ON AMULREE HILL.



THE CAR WITH THE BEST RECORD IN THE RELIABILITY TRIALS: THE VAUXHALL.



THE ARIEL CAR: WINNER OF CLASS L.

cars were sustained in Scotland—a fact prophesied by our Caledonian friends at the outset of the Trial.

Waiving whatever has been written to the contrary in certain disappointed quarters, it must be admitted on all hands that, as a Trial, the competition was from start to finish handled in a most masterly and able manner by Mr. Julian Orde and his willing band of helpers. Within a point or two, the position which each car in its class had earned or lost for itself was known very shortly after the conclusion of each day's run, this being rendered possible by the extremely luminous system of marking which I explained last week.

If this Trial, which has proved the grave of some reputations and the birth of others, shows anything at all, it clearly demonstrates that so far from Reliability Trials being passé and undesirable, they are as much needed as ever, and the Club will be lacking in its duty to its huge membership and the automobile public if it yields to pressure in certain quarters and refrains from promoting a similar and even severer trial in 1909. The advertisement is of incalculable worth to those who have done well, and it only remains for those who fared indifferently to realise the causes of their failure and amend them in readiness for the next occasion.



THE ADLER CAR, WINNER OF CLASS B IN THE RELIABILITY TRIALS.

SOME WINNING CARS IN THE RELIABILITY TRIALS.

Photographs by the Topical Press.

The performances of certain of the cars engaged in both the International and Scottish Reliability Trials are nothing short of remarkable. Take, for instance, the 9-h.p. and the 30-h.p. Adler cars, running in Class B and Class G of the English event respectively, and Class B and Class F of the Scottish Trial. The 30-h.p. Adler was the fastest car in its class up all but one of the timed hill-climbs, both English and Scottish. The above-named 9-h.p. Adler was the identical car which was credited with non-stop runs throughout the Irish Reliability Trial, so that this smart little vehicle has covered herself with glory in the three kingdoms.

The speed of both these cars on Brooklands at the end of the Trial was the subject of general remark; the 30-h.p., indeed, was there driven hard enough to reveal the slightest weak point, had she had one. In the matter of petrol consumption, too, these cars are notable, for while the average consumption of the 9-h.p. for the road trip was twenty-seven miles per gallon, the 30-h.p. is credited with an average of over twenty miles per gallon. Further, the latter car was lubricated only three times on the rank, and made but one mechanical road-stop. I heartily congratulate Messrs. Morgan and Co., of 127, Long Acre, W.C., and 10, Old Bond Street, W.



# THE WORLD OF SPORT

FUTURE EVENTS—TATTERSALL'S—MUSIC.

SIGNORINETTA is favourite for the St. Leger, and she is likely to do far better at Doncaster than she did in her race against White Eagle at Newbury. The latter may not last over one-and-three-quarter miles on the Town Moor. Ebor is in good work again, and will have to be reckoned with. Lesbia is now on the top of her form, and she is without a doubt a good mare. Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. James Buchanan have not lost faith in Mountain Apple, who, to my thinking, ran like a non-stayer at Epsom; but it should be added, in justice to the colt, that he could be made much fitter than he was on Derby day. The hope of Kingsclere will, I should say, be Primer, but he is, I think, held quite safe by Signorinetta, who, in my opinion, will very likely win the St. Leger. The Stewards' Cup will produce the usual lively speculation, and it must be admitted that class is fairly well represented in the race this year. It was a blow to early speculators when it was found that Forerunner II. had not

been entered. However, Sir C. Nugent has Mauvette and Pro-latter, despite a wind infirmity,

backers to have to receive pinched prices just because bookmakers are liberal in the matter of credit to ne'er-do-wells, many of whom would not pay their betting debts if they could. The professionals who bet in the big rings are 'cute enough to call in the aid of the tic-tac men to do their hedging in the half-crown rings occasionally, which proves my contention that the little ring should rule the settling. Seeing, too, that those who bet at starting-price have to pay their money if they lose, it is hard lines that their prices should be regulated by nod-betters, who in many cases have to take the rate of odds offered or not have a bet at all. The professionals get quite enough advantage over and beyond pinched prices, and the public is beginning to see through their little game. It is no wonder, then, that the backers are flocking to the shops where they are best served, owing to the customers being made to deal on the cash principle. Racecourse officials will in the near future have to rely almost entirely on the silver rings to supply them with ready money, if the men who make books in Tattersall's are not more liberal in their dealings with the public.

When I agitated in this column over ten years back for the supply of a good programme of music on our racecourses, one well-known racecourse official replied that the public would tolerate physic rather than music on the course. The gentleman referred to always supplies a really good band on his course now, and I doubt if it would be possible to dissuade him from doing so. What is more, he sees to it that the band is placed where it can be heard by all present—which is more than can be said of some of our officials. For instance, at Sandown and Newbury it is impossible for others than those in the members' enclosure to hear anything of the music. True, the Sandown people started the band on the opposite side of the course at their Bank Holiday fixture. Then why not do it at all their meetings, as is done at Kempton Park, for instance? The clerks of courses who maintain that "Music hath charms for members of racing clubs only" will have to alter their opinions if they would attract the masses to their shows. I still hope to hear a band playing at the Goodwood meetings, and if it were placed at the bottom of the lawn, it would be enjoyed by everyone present.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



THE RUNNER-UP: H. ROPER  
BARRETT SERVING.

been entered. However, Sir C. Nugent has Mauvette and Pro-latter, despite a wind infirmity,

It is apparent even to a casual observer that fewer people now use Tattersall's ring than was the case ten years back. The half-crown rings at the principal race-meetings are crowded, and the reason is not far to seek. The betting is much better in the cheap rings than it is in Tattersall's, because the layers who do business with the so-called common people have not to make provision for bad debts. The question now arises, why should not the starting-prices be compiled in the half-crown ring? It is hard lines on stay-at-home



THE SERVICE OF THE FIFTH-TIME LADIES'  
CHAMPION: MRS. STERRY.



MISS MORTON, BEATEN IN THE  
LADIES' FINAL BY MRS. STERRY.



THE HOT RETURN OF THE SECOND-  
TIME CHAMPION: A. W. GORE.



THE RUNNER-UP: H. ROPER  
BARRETT.



THE HOT RETURN OF THE LADIES'  
CHAMPION: MRS. STERRY.

CHAMPIONS' SERVICE AND HOT RETURNS IN THE LAWN-TENNIS  
CHAMPIONSHIPS OF 1908.

Photographs by the Topical Press.



## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### Society Summer Sales.

Anyone who enjoys a tolerable acquaintance with this London of ours is aware that bargain sales are held in drawing-rooms and at cricket matches quite as much as in shops. As July verges towards its meridian, old-fashioned mothers—who still believe in Mayfair as a

marriage market—begin to look anxious, and you can see in their tired eyes the axiom, "No reasonable offer refused." Young persons who set a high price on their charms in February are content, as August looms, to take a considerable reduction in the matter of settlements, and have been known to accept the addresses of a promising young official in the Civil Service when, a few months earlier, a baronet with an estate would not have

premier University, and there, in an overflowing Town Hall, has talked to the gownsman to such effect as to awake in that cheery and irresponsible youth a sense of duty to his country. Numbers, it seems, have already determined to get their certificate as lieutenant in the Territorial Forces. This will lead, easily enough, to being gazetted as supplementary officer to a battalion of Regulars. And once having known the joys of gold lace and a smart cane, does anyone suppose that lots of our educated "unemployed" will not take to a military career? That this will create a mental revolution in the mess-room cannot be denied. Young Oxford is nothing if not intellectual, so that in future military conversation may concern itself with Maeterlinck and Nietzsche rather than the Grand National and the Gaiety Theatre, with the Fabians more than with football. Ladies in garrison towns and in India will have to polish up their wits to keep in touch with this intellectual invasion of a simple-minded Army, and the talk of future Captain and Mrs. Gadsbys will be of a very different calibre to that commemorated by Mr. Kipling.

### The July Holocaust.

It is a lamentable fact that the brightest summers produce the greatest number of accidental deaths. At no time of the year are there so many fatalities—always in the pursuit of pleasure—as in the radiant days of July and August. An imaginative writer like Mr. E. F. Benson would probably say that the great god Pan was

claiming his victims. But we humans know how to circumvent the gods nowadays, and precautions might be taken, for instance, along our shore-line to prevent the loss of so many young lives by drowning, particularly of girls, as occurs regularly every summer. For what with bathing, boating, mountain-climbing, cycling, and motoring, the youthful population of these islands is annually seriously diminished, and though some of these unfortunate beings may occasionally be described as "fool-hardy," they are precisely of the stuff of which successful pioneers are made, and have those virtues of courage, enterprise, and audacity which are lacking in the timid and the stay-at-home. In Russia and Germany you may not ride a bicycle without passing an examination, and we might apply this system to those who go out sailing and rowing without knowing how to manage a boat, who climb high mountains with no experience, and who set out to swim and bathe on unfamiliar shores and with no help near. At present, a veritable slaughter of the innocents begins in July.



[Copyright.]

A VOLUTE CRINOLINE HAT WITH OSTRICH-PLUMES.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

satisfied their ambition. In short, most people are feeling and looking slightly crumpled and shop-soiled from having been too continuously in the windows of Society. Who has not been present, also, at dinners and lunches obviously composed of human remnants, of odd, vague people, slightly frayed and faded, who have been overlooked in the rush of the season, but who, for some reason, family or political, must be entertained before all is over? These strange guests look as forlorn and purposeless as the inevitable three-quarters of a yard of puce silk which is pressed upon you in every shop at the surprising bargain-price of one-and-eleven-pence-three-farthings, and the purpose of their existence is equally puzzling. The bargains and the remnants of Society are not the least diverting part of the Human Comedy as it is played in a small class, and on the stage of London.

### The Manufacture of Adjectives.

Many famous men—including the immortal Lewis Carroll—have amused themselves with the manufacture of adjectives, and it is manifestly an industry which affords perpetual entertainment to those engaged in it. Considerable audacity is required for the making of a completely original noun, and only once in a century or so can we hope for so happy an invention as the Snark; but adjectives of a diverting nature may more easily be constructed. The late Edward Lear was a past-master in the art, and quaint expressions fall quite easily from his pen in his correspondence with his intimate friends. "The views over the harbour," he writes, "are of the most clipfombious and omsiquillious nature." This is good, but when he sends his good wishes on the marriage of the celebrated Countess Waldegrave to Chichester Fortescue, he subscribes himself as "full of blomphious and umpsidixious congratulations"; while an Irish revolutionary is described as embarking on a "hubbly-bubbly" errand. Lear's letters, indeed, are unique in their drollery. "Of balls—of moons—of fish and other vegetables—and of all future and past events as things may be. I have got a piano. Also a carpet. Also a tame redbreast; also a hearthrug and two doormats." If people wrote this engaging bosh instead of platitudes, how we should welcome our morning's letters.

### Oxford Officers.

A new standard of intelligence will be required in the garrison girl if Mr. Haldane succeeds in his scheme of capturing the Oxford graduate in any considerable numbers. For our ingenious War Minister has been down to the



[Copyright.]

A PRINCESS DRESS IN BLUE SHANTUNG.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)



## THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

THE season has slackened off just a little; lucky that it did, or some of us must have died of excess of pleasure. It was all day and half the night at it, and with great big functions too. As to dress, the sun has set its seal of success on that, and never has it been lovelier, seldom so costly and elaborate. What precisely is Directoire seems not to be definitely understood. That of the music-hall and comic-opera stage is, of course, pointed to a nicety; the man in the street knows all about that style of "Direktwoore costooome." When, however, we read that every second woman at Ascot, at a ball, at the Theatrical Ladies' Garden-party, was attired in beautiful Directoire costumes, it is misleading. Many so described are simply Princess gowns with the pleats flat at the back—not sweeping out as they did in the adapted Empire style. The chief point of novelty that distinguishes the mode of to-day and to-morrow from that of yesterday is the clingingness of the latest styles.

Directory costume proper is taken from the very exaggerated style that prevailed at the time of Napoleon's directorate, when France, long torn by war and tumult, began to turn once more to the resumption of her place as the fashion lawgiver of the civilised world. The crinoline had prevailed; now the ballooning skirts of the noblesse were replaced by the long, clinging, skimpy ones of the citoyennes. Vanity was enthroned in the one as in the other. The ladies of the masses, put in the place of those of the classes, set themselves to play the parts, and they out-Heroded Herod. Characteristically Directoire dress was elaborated to an extent that was almost grotesque—the lanky ladies became very fine ladies indeed. They put all manner of extravagant erections on their heads, and used quizzing-glasses and created a style that is not without its fascination now that it is reproduced in modern materials and with modern embellishments. That it is generally, or even largely, adopted is quite untrue. In the evenings, at dinners and balls, I have seen more true Directoire dresses than in the daytime. Even then there would not be a dozen in a roomful of a hundred ladies. When they can wear it well it is very chic, and also very graceful. It is at its best in charmeuse, that lovely make of silk with the sheen of satin and the soft suppleness of crêpe-de-Chine. Although it is clinging, there seems to be only material enough to enwrap the wearer's slender figure. There is nothing economical about these gowns: they cost from twenty to thirty guineas, like any other ball frock. The bodice is a mass of rich embroidery as a rule. What there is about them that does fit in with the ways of to-day is that they pack into very little space, which suits well for visiting by motor. Hats, of course, should be sent by crate in advance, if any stay necessitating the wearing of them is contemplated.

At the Opera, the other night, I saw the Duchess of Portland in white, wearing a classical wreath of silver leaves in her hair. It was very effective and beautiful. Higher up, in a grand-tier box, I saw the Duchess of Westminster, whose hair-ornament was a Louis bow in small diamonds perched high at one side, the ends finished with large, pear-shaped diamonds hanging downwards towards the forehead; I thought the effect was charming. Then I espied Lady de Grey in

her box, a pale-grey marabout high feather rising from her beautiful silvering hair, with diamonds sparking out from its delicate softness. Lady Juliet Duff was also there, and in her hair was a band of pale-blue velvet, with a cream-coloured paradise-bird's plume raking away back; Lady Esher had a blue headdress, with a young crescent-moon in diamonds rising above it; in Lady Victoria Cavendish Bentinck's hair was no ornament; Lady Middleton wore a high diamond tiara, as did several other peeresses. Asked which of all these hair-ornaments I liked best, I should be fairly stumped—to borrow a schoolboy phrase: all seemed so exactly to suit the wearer.

At breakfast a man took up his paper the other morning, then glared at his perfectly inoffensive womenkind, and proceeded most devoutly to wish they were all boys, his amazed wife included. It was not a case of temporary insanity, nor yet the result of a wet night! Simply the doings of the female hooligans who pose as suffragists seemed to make him momentarily ashamed of his own womenkind's sex. They, poor things, felt it still more acutely, and though they had been keeping an open mind for the reasonable arguments of their working sisters, they then and there wrote off and joined the Anti-Suffragist Society. Who shall blame them? Such is the value of notoriety-hunting by women who are unemployed, unemployable, and who take advantage of their sex to behave worse than East-End hooligans.

Yachting becomes yearly more popular. Some people say that is because England is full of dust and petrol, and the only escape is the high seas. There is one objection to it for holidays—that is that the sun, sea, and wind together are hard on our complexions, already enervated by a season in town. Looking round on the women of to-day, it doesn't seem that their skins suffer. Most of them, however, have a guide, philosopher, and friend who either herself treats them, or tells them which of the now world-famed Cyclax Remedies to use and how to use them. In this lies the stand-by of yachswomen and travellers generally: they can have their complexions put right by correspondence with a lady expert who is herself the best and most charming recommendation of her remedies. So wide is her experience that a clear statement of one's case tells her at once what has gone wrong, and her skill can be relied on to put it right. I found a friend in a panic because she had been conversationally coerced into running after a new treatment, and the result was calamitous. Penitently she returned to her expert lady, who said roundly it served her right, but promptly proceeded to put her poor face on its feet again, as she expressed it, being given to mixed metaphors. The beauty about the Cyclax Company's things (which can be had at 58, South Molton Street, W.) is that they have been tried and proved absolutely right, and their efficacy is a toilet-table word throughout the length and breadth of this land.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found an illustration of a pale pastel-blue Shantung Princess dress, trimmed with lace, and with embroidery in pale tints of silk. The revers are of darker silk, the same colour, and the buttons of dark silk embroidered.



THE ODOL BEAUTY COMPETITION.

The Odol Beauty Competition is intended to show to the public how very important a factor in personal beauty are the mouth and teeth. All who have studied beauty from the artistic point of view know this already, but the public generally sometimes, it is to be feared, lose sight of the fact, or they would pay greater attention than they do to the cultivation of this essential part of facial beauty. Odol, the World's Dentifrice, is doing splendid work in this direction. Details of the competition appear on another page.



THE LONG-SOUGHT LAND "WHERE EASE AND COMFORT REIGN."

The business premises of Carter's, the Invalid and Surgical Furniture Manufacturers, formerly in New Cavendish Street, have been removed next door, into the handsome and commodious show-rooms which command the corner of New Cavendish Street and Great Portland Street. Messrs. Carter hold a Royal Warrant of special appointment to H.M. the King, another to H.M. the Queen of Sweden, have been awarded upwards of thirty gold and silver medals for excellence of invalid furniture and ambulance construction, and in April last were presented with a Royal Warrant of Appointment to H.M. the German Emperor.

The photograph of Miss Eva Moore as the Maid of Orleans which we published in our issue of April 15 was the work of Mr. Hamilton Revelle.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on July 13.*

## MONEY AND HOME RAILS.

THE usual "end of the quarter" demand for money made itself very evident in the Bank Return, but before the next figures are in the hands of the public considerable sums will have come back, and it is not unlikely that the rate will then be reduced to 2 per cent. At any rate, as far as can be seen, such a reduction is pretty certain within the next three weeks, but we doubt whether it will have much immediate effect on prices: a long spell of cheap money must have effect, and is, indeed, already beginning to show itself in the improved price of high-class stocks; but money is so cheap that a reduction of  $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. in the official rate will not work miracles.

The half-year's railway returns of the fifty-two principal companies are supposed to reflect the state of trade in the country with some accuracy, and if this be so, it seems that we are suffering from considerable depression, for the total take shows a decrease for the six months of £1,208,000, and affords a good explanation of the public disinclination to purchase Home Rails. Unfortunately, not all the Companies distinguish between goods and passenger receipts, but a pretty accurate estimate puts the goods loss at £1,158,000 out of the above total, and great interest is shown as to the coming dividends, the unknown quantity being, of course, the amount of saving which the various lines have been able to effect. Reduced dividends must be expected, except in the case of the Great Western, the South Western, and the Tilbury lines. Everything points to the necessity of working agreements between the great competing lines, which should, if possible, be made in a fashion which will require no legislative sanction and no huge sums for Parliamentary expenses.

## THE NEW COMPANIES' ACT.

The first fruits of the New Companies' Act are to be seen in the scramble to hold general meetings of all sorts and conditions of Companies which has been going on during the last week. One of the most useful provisions of the Act of 1907 is that, after July 1, all Limited Companies must hold a general meeting of their shareholders once in every calendar year, and that there must not be more than fifteen months between each meeting; while, as the penalties for failure to observe the law are very high, Boards who have failed to meet their constituents for years have been obliged to face the inevitable, and it is to be hoped that the scandals of the last few years in this particular will be put an end to.

It is not only in the direction of general meetings that the law has been altered, for from henceforth it will be impossible to introduce for market purposes the shares of a prospectusless Company without filing useful particulars at Somerset House, so that those who feel inclined to purchase shares may at least obtain some information as to a Company, its capital, the purchase-price of its property, and other matters. This was a long-needed reform.

In the future, a shareholder will be able to claim a certificate for his shares within two months of allotment or transfer, and it will be possible to underwrite shares which are only offered to the present shareholders of a Company provided all proper disclosure is made. These are some of the alterations in the law of general interest, and next week we shall refer to several others, for which we have no space in this issue.

## THE MARKET FOR NEW ISSUES.

It is curious to note the price at which many recently issued stocks are dealt in, and not a little instructive as to the success which has attended the various prospectuses. Looking at the table of prices as a whole it is impossible to draw any general deduction as to public taste, for while many of the gilt-edged stocks are at premiums, others are out of favour, and the same may be said of the more speculative class.

The  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Bonds of the Agricultural Bank of Egypt, issued at 87 $\frac{1}{2}$ , are freely dealt in at 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  premium, while the Port of Calcutta 4 per cent. Debentures, issued at 99 $\frac{1}{2}$ , are called 2 discount. Great Central Railway  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Second Debentures, issued at 92, are at about  $\frac{3}{4}$  discount; while East India Railway  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. Debentures, issued at 96 $\frac{1}{2}$ , are 1 premium, and Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway 4 per cent. Debentures, issued at par, are at 4 premium. Sheffield Corporation  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock, issued at 97, is at a small discount; while London County  $3\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. stock, issued at par, is at  $3\frac{1}{2}$  premium; and yet who can say that there is much difference in the security offered by any of the stocks we have contrasted?

Comparatively speculative stocks appear to tell the same tale. Chilian Transandine Railway 5 per cent. Debentures, issued at 90, are nearly 3 discount, and Colombia 6 per cent. Custom bonds, issued at 81, are at about the same disadvantage; while Shanghai Hangchow Ningpo Railway 5 per cent. Debentures, issued at 99, are at about  $\frac{3}{4}$  premium. On the whole, it seems that Municipal loans and Colonial and Home Railway stocks are not getting well subscribed, while Egyptian, Argentine, and Chinese ventures meet with considerable favour. The present price is, of course, governed by the amount of stock that underwriters have to take in each case, by the strength of the guarantors, and by a whole series of other considerations which we have not space to discuss, but which all in the end depend on the question of public support.

## "Q's" NOTES.

The enclosed notes by our correspondent "Q" will be of considerable interest to those of our readers who are in search of gilt-edged securities yielding nearly 4 per cent. and to the holders of Nitrate shares. Our correspondent has a considerable and intimate knowledge of the Nitrate industry, and his opinions deserve to be treated with the greatest respect.

## TRUST COMPANIES' DEBENTURES.

For those humble-minded investors who are content with  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. with absolute safety, there is probably no better class of investments than the Debenture stocks of the best-managed Financial Trust Companies. I give below a list of such Debentures, with the return at the present price. The list is, of course, not exhaustive, but it may be taken that in every case mentioned the Debenture stock represents less than a third of the actual assets of the Company. In some cases the margin is greater: for instance, the Foreign, American, and General Trust has £750,000 of 5 per cent. Preference stock, and £750,000 of Deferred stock, on which 6 per cent. per annum is being paid, and only £500,000 of 4 per cent. Perpetual Debenture stock.

	Price.	Yield Per Cent.
American Investment Trust 4 per cent. Deb. . . . .	100-103 ..	£3 17 9
British Investment Trust 4 per cent. Deb. . . . .	103-106 ..	£3 17 0
Foreign, American, and General Trust 4 per cent. Deb. . . . .	100-103 ..	£3 17 9
Industrial and General Trust $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Deb. . . . .	90-92 ..	£3 16 3
Investment Trust Corporation 4 per cent. Deb. . . . .	101-104 ..	£3 18 0
Mercantile Invest. and General $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. 2nd Deb. . . . .	98-101 ..	£4 4 3
Metropolitan Trust 4 per cent. Deb. . . . .	101-103 ..	£3 17 9
River Plate and General 4 per cent. Deb. . . . .	99-101 ..	£4 0 6

The 5 per cent. Preference stock of the Foreign and Colonial Trust Company should, I think, be included with the above, because this Company has not, and never can have, except with the consent of the Preferred stockholders, any Debenture stock. It is quoted 123-126, and returns 4 per cent.

## THE NITRATE OUTLOOK.

There is probably more nonsense written about the Nitrate trade than about any other branch of business. Among a large number of people a rooted impression seems to exist that Chili contains an unlimited supply of Nitrate, and that, but for the Combination, an unlimited amount would be manufactured and thrown on the market, with disastrous results to the Companies engaged in producing it. There has been much shaking of heads over the recent reduction of quotas to 47 per cent., and no doubt there will be the usual rumours of failure to renew the Combination between now and the end of next March, when the present Combination comes to an end. The facts are, however, that the supply of the raw material in Chili is large, but by no means unlimited, and that, although the machinery to manufacture about double the present quantity yearly exported exists, the supply of labour, which, under Chilean laws, cannot be increased by importation of foreign workmen, is so limited that a failure to renew the Combination would lead to little, if any, increase in production. The fact is that the Combination is now maintained mainly to prevent a suicidal competition for labour, and this is so well understood that no doubt is entertained by those in the best position to judge as to its renewal. There may be a further reduction in quotas owing to the new Companies which will come in; but, comparatively speaking, this is a small matter for shareholders: if there is, say, £100,000 of profit to come from a Nitrate Company on the basis of present prices, it is not of very great importance if, say, £25,000 is to come for four years, or £20,000 for five, but it is of very great importance that the total of £100,000 should be forthcoming. There are indications that the next Combination will include some important new features, especially the establishment of a Central Committee in London, by whom the whole, or the great bulk, of the Nitrate exports will be disposed of. The result would be that competition in selling production between the various Companies would cease, and a steady and remunerative figure would be established. This will be an important innovation, which will give stability to the Nitrate share market. I think that those of your readers who have interests in Nitrate shares will be well advised not to pay too much attention to a temporary depression which is due mainly to financial troubles in Chili and the United States. The world's consumption of Nitrate increases steadily, if slowly, and is bound to increase, and the supply is limited, and these two facts afford a solid basis for anticipating a prosperous future for the industry. With regard to individual Companies, probably the best shares to hold for dividends are Liverpools, Colorados, Rosarios, Anglo-Chilian and Salar del Carmen. Even on the basis of somewhat reduced dividends for the current year, these shares can be bought to return 10 per cent. or more, and shareholders should bear in mind that when a reduced dividend is due to a reduced quota, the life of the Company is proportionately lengthened.—Q.

Saturday, July 4, 1908.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

MERRIOT.—Write to the secretary of the Company, 61, New Broad Street. He will give you all information. The annuity can be bought and sold, and any broker will get you the price per £1 annuity. You will not find the quotation in any daily paper, as far as we know.

BUNG.—It is difficult to advise about the Railway stock. Our opinion is to sell. The Company is feeling the pinch of slack trade more than any other. As to the Coal shares, we don't like them. Why not buy some good Argentine Railway Ordinary stock, such as Buenos Ayres and Rosario, or Buenos Ayres Great Southern?

MILES.—We would rather not give an opinion on your Canadian Company. We can learn nothing reliable about it.

SARNIA.—We should hold on; but it is a mere opinion, and based on the presumption that you have paid for the shares.

P. G. M.—Our opinion of your shares is poor; but then, we have no faith in the Chartered Company, its directors, or any of its works, and so are, perhaps, prejudiced.

IRELAND (GLASGOW).—Our opinion is against the Motor shares, but it is only an opinion based on the state of the trade in general.

## MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

The following may go close at the Bibury Club Meeting at Salisbury: Club Welter, Sunny Sam; Hurstbourne Stakes, Valens; Bibury Cup, Black Spot; Bibury Stakes, Protector; Members' Welter, Drusus; Alington Plate, Peach. At Lingfield I like these: Oak Tree Handicap, Bushgirl; Summer Handicap, Mitral; Lingfield Park Stakes, Pom; Tandridge Welter, Devas; Great Foal Plate, Water Jacket. At Haydock these may go close: Great Central Handicap, Yentoi; Makerfield Handicap, Black Gal; July Plate, Holiday House; Old Newton Cup, Mimosa; Willows Welter, Old Nick.



## CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"Kitty Tailleir." By May Sinclair. (Constable.)—"Buried Alive." By Arnold Bennett. (Chapman and Hall.)—"The Duchess of Dreams." By Edith Macvane. (John Milne.)—"The Confessions of Cleodora." By Carlton Dawe. (John Long.)

IT is curious to compare Miss May Sinclair's woman of the half-world with the wonderful study of Toni in "The Sands of Pleasure." Mr. Filson Young, of course, executed a very remarkable piece of work, and since he did it with heart as well as brain, his success was assured. Miss Sinclair's character is equally well designed, equally well thought out, and will, we hope, command an equal measure of fortune. Yet Toni and Kitty Tailleir, for all their membership of the same sisterhood, and their similarity of sex attraction and magnetism, stand very far apart. They were akin in the flesh, but in the spirit they were aliens. Is it the opposite points of view from which men and women must approach one of the world's enigmas, or is it really an essential distinction in the fundamental natures of these two light women that makes the difference between them? Certainly Miss Sinclair has gone to the bottom of Kitty's soul; but then, Mr. Young did the same by Toni. But where he found the blackness of the pit, abysmal selfishness, Miss Sinclair discovers self-sacrificing womanhood, and depicts it with insight which is the highest art. We do not want to give even the outline of Kitty's story. People should read it for themselves. It is quite wholesome, in spite of the subject; and it has a moral purpose. At least, we suppose to write a book which would wring sympathy out of a stone and compassionate understanding out of—out of anybody but a pachydermatous fool, is to be convicted of a moral purpose. Once again, a single novel is worth a shelf-full of theological treatises.

Just for a minute, we had qualms about "Buried Alive." The beginning was sinister—

The peculiar angle of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic—that angle which is chiefly responsible for our geography and, therefore, for our history—had caused the phenomenon known in London as summer. The whizzing globe happened to have turned its most civilised face away from the sun, thus producing night in Selwood Terrace, South Kensington.

Was it possible that Mr. Arnold Bennett meant to continue being funny in this strain? Did he think it *was* funny? You never can tell, and—yes, just for a minute—we were very much afraid. Then we remembered that he had written plenty of readable things, and we took heart of grace, and turned the page, and

went on. It was better overleaf, and it was much better a little further on. We came to Priam Farll, the famous, mysterious man-shy painter, and found him burying his valet as himself. We proceeded to the nation, in one of its hysterical fits, going one better, and burying the valet, still as Priam Farll, in Westminster Abbey. We began to wonder how Farll would find it possible to come to life again, and we forgot the unpromising first page, and discovered that Mr. Bennett had made no mistake, and that he really was a humorous author after all. Finally we laughed, quite as much as was good for us, at the complications that ensued, and at Mr. Farll's life (as Henry Leek, his own retired valet) in a respectable street in Putney.

"The Duchess of Dreams" is a vivacious romance, set in Newport, U.S.A. This means local colour of the flamboyant kind which we associate with the higher flights of American society. Miss Macvane manages to touch it in without being crude. Her society undoubtedly sparkles, as, when it gives cotillions and sensationally luxurious entertainments, we may guess it yearns to sparkle. Her Duchess was a creation of that spectacular climber (to the higher flights), Mrs. J. Harrison Rumbold, whose first mountaineering had been tried with nothing more than the aid of her husband's gold and her own brass. Newport was flooded with gold, and it had all the brass it wanted of its own. Mrs. Rumbold climbed to the airiest pinnacle of the smart set. How did she do it? By the creation of a Duchess. And how she did that, and kept it up, and got away with it, and what became of the Duchess of Dreams, otherwise the Grand Duchess Varvara of Russia, otherwise little Angélique Hooper of Bar Harbour, Miss Macvane tells us in a delightfully crisp story.

Cleodora, in "The Confessions of Cleodora," by Mr. Carlton Dawe, does not make any intelligible confession until the end of the book, when she lets her lover into the secret of an incident in her past. The incident occurs, as a matter of fact, in the first part, but it is so carefully wrapped up that we may be pardoned for merely suspecting it in passing. Cleodora, who made rather a hash of her fortunes, one way and another, knew how to write her autobiography. She was the daughter of a needy ex-Captain, of good family, with whom she lived in a poky flat in Victoria Street. The occupant of the flat below was the Honourable Mrs. Brentford, better known as Connie Caithness, of the Piccadilly Theatre, an easy-going sinner, who proved herself to be dangerous company for innocence fresh from a Brighton boarding-school. They went together to Ostend, where they gambled and were gay. It is a brisk book and very brightly written.

## THE NEW LIPTON ISSUE

## A BIG SUCCESS.

## Scenes at the Bank and Head Offices.

THE extraordinary scenes that attended the conversion of Lipton's large business into a Company ten years ago were repeated last week. Although the present issue was not so great as on the former occasion, Lipton's is such an attraction for both large and small investors that record post bags were again the order of the day.

Judging from the scenes at the Bank and at the head offices in the City Road, it will be the most memorable issue of the year.

Luckily, the authorities had their former experiences to guide them, and the apparently overwhelming flow of letters was dealt with rapidly and systematically. The clerical department of Lipton's itself represents a triumph of organisation, and it is pleasing to know



A RECORD POST.



INSIDE THE BANK.

that there was no possibility of anyone being overlooked—not even the eleventh-hour applicant.

Lipton's in this respect has a very good record, never unduly favouring the big investor, but, if anything, going out of the way to please the small investor.

The new prospectus is an interesting document, touching upon the salient points in the development of Lipton's world-wide business, and the proofs of public confidence in it shown during the last few days are as striking as they have ever been.

At the same time, it may be pointed out that there are limits to the powers of even a great business like this, and on the last occasion there were said to be hundreds of applicants for shares who omitted to state their name or address, presumably either forgetting in the excitement of the moment to write it down, or else crediting the City Road headquarters with supernatural powers. Some authority has stated that such cases are quite common whenever there is a big rush for shares.